

BRITANNIA^{and} EVE

JUNE
1942



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FERDINAND TUOHY

C. PATRICK THOMPSON
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Articles

The Arctic War:

by *C. Patrick Thompson* 13 and 56

Eire's Censored V.C.s:

by *Ferdinand Tuohy*

Decoration by *J. Nicolson*

14-15 and 60

Old Tales Re-told:

The Matrimonial and Other Adventures of Placidia Galla, daughter of Theodosius the Great

Written and Illustrated

by *F. Matania, R.I.* 21-24 and 50

Summer Nature Walk:

by *B. Melville Nicholas* 25 and 54

Home Section

On Duty—and Off:

by *Jane Gordon* 33 and 55

Health and Beauty:

by *Chrysis*

Here is a Girl Brimming

Over With Vitality: 34

Keep That Contour: 35

Morale Sustainers:

by *Jean Burnup* 36-37

Hold a Mirror to Your

Conscience: 38

When the Time Comes:

by *Winifred Lewis*

40-41

It's a Wise Woman 42

Knitting:

Waistcoat and Shirt-

Dickey: 43 and 58

Lacy, with a Bosom

Drape 43 and 58

Cookery:

by *Harriet Muir*

44 and 45

Why . . . When . . . Who

. . . What?

by *Louisa Kay* 46

Next Winter's Larder: 48

General

Books:

Reviewed by *Noel Thompson*: 29 and 54

Stories

Milton Raid:

by *Llewellyn Hughes*

Illustrated by *Edward Osmond*

9-12 and 52

Passengers for the Clipper:

by *Barry Perowne*

Illustrated by *Jack Faulks*

17-19 and 62

They Did What They Could:

by *Hammond Innes*

Illustrated by *Jack Matthew*

26-28 and 65

China Tea:

by *George Stern*

Illustrated by *Steven Spurrier*

30-32 and 59

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Save more—lend more, and do it quickly. Have you anything one half so precious as that tranquil look in mother's eye, the happy trustful talk and laughter that make what we call "home"?

★ ★ ★

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But this is in a London Park—*what about the balloon barrage? What about the ban on kites?* And these children—*should they not be in some safer area now?*

Ah, but they are citizens of the world after the War. Happy children—flying kites. And on the roads—happy motorists. Many of them driving the new cars that the Standard Motor Company will build for the post-war world...!



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Britannia & Eve for June, 1942



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FOR VITAMIN C. Potatoes—plenty of potatoes—green vegetables and salad greens. Half a pound of potatoes, plus about 4 oz. broccoli or spinach, or 3 oz. cooked brussels sprouts, or 4½ oz. cabbage, *every day*, will give you about the smallest "dose" of Vitamin C you need in normal circumstances. So eat *more* of these vegetables whenever possible.

And when you cannot get greenstuffs, make up with still more potatoes—not necessarily just plain baked or boiled. There are so many interesting ways to serve them. You cannot have too many potatoes, especially if you work hard—they are one of the most important energy foods.

As to greenstuffs, remember they are richest in Vitamin C when eaten raw; and that the tender young hearts and leaves, shredded finely, are delicious in salads. Leaf for leaf, however, the dark outside ones are the most health protecting, so if they are too tough to eat raw or to cook in the ordinary way, use them in soups or stews.

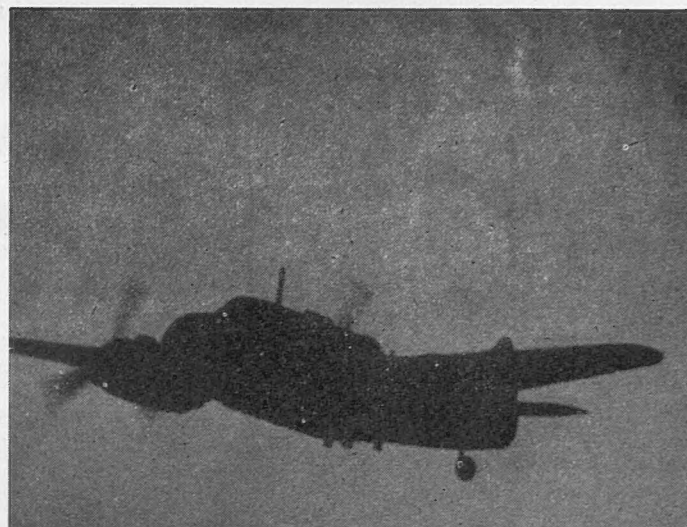
FOR VITAMIN B₁. National bread, oatmeal and other whole grain cereals; dried peas, beans, lentils; pork and bacon also contain useful amounts of this vitamin. Now that National bread is universal, this will take care of a great deal of your Vitamin B₁ requirements.

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(S.35)

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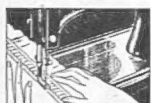
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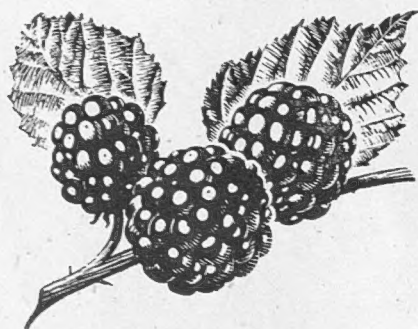
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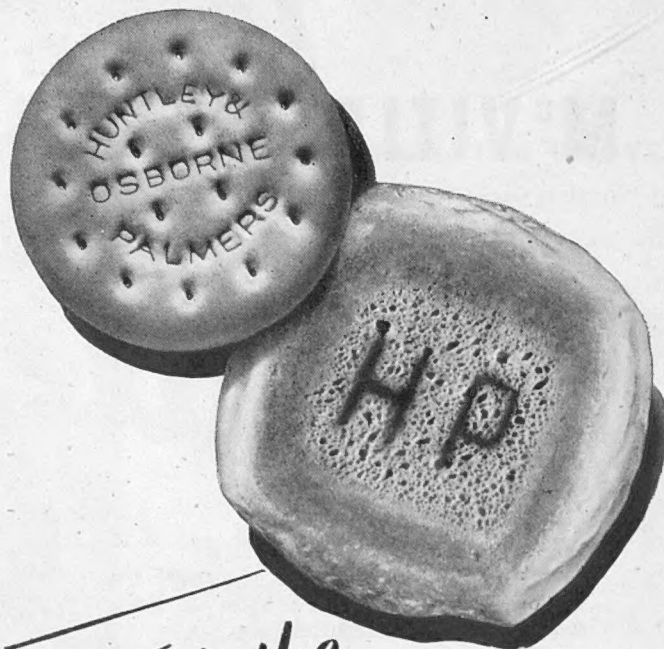
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For a while she seemed devoted to Tom. They went on canoe trips together, to the movies and dances

NO, I won't easily forget the thrill that came to me when I saw my name posted on the bulletin board: "Committed to combat with the enemy." It was a day in spring—no, thank you, Sir. I've lost the taste for smoking. I went for a walk that afternoon through the woods near the training-school in Sussex. I wanted to look at the bluebells again and inhale the perfume of the violets. I wanted them to share in my pride.

I shall also remember my first brush with the enemy, mainly, I think, because of the horror that took hold of me. For I was about to do a dreadful thing—kill a human being. I didn't. Not then. Yet it was the most awful feeling I ever had, before or since. And then, the Milton Raid—I shall always remember that.

But two other memories, far removed from scenes of war, come before them: my first and last meetings with Tom Carroll.

It's hard to explain how I felt about Tom. To simply say he was my friend isn't enough. I've had other friends, but none like Tom. They say that men esteem and value nothing so much in life as a real friend. I think it's true. Such a friend is, as it were, your other self.

Tom and I always wanted to be aviators. I know he did, from my earliest recollections of him; and, of course, after I met him he changed everything in life for me—except one thing. And now he's changed that too.

It's puzzling why I treasure my first meeting with him, because I can't translate it into memorable words or action. It was a very simple thing. I can still see the faded lettering on the depot: Bensville, Ontario. I still feel the sun beating down on my bare head, and the pain in my toe as I trudged along. I see that cafeteria, the smell of frying bacon coming through its open door, the man in shirt-sleeves standing there, whom I took to be the owner. He looked at me, and my heart began to pound against my ribs. "Hey, Kid! Like a bite to eat?" I waited for it, prayed for it, but it never came. Hunger is, perhaps, the deadliest trap to catch a fellow's pride, but I managed to walk on.

I was on my way anywhere, as far as I could go. And outside Bensville a little way I saw a boy of my own age

Milton Raid

Even Death could not Sever
the Ties of Comradeship

By

Llewellyn Hughes

come whistling down a lane. He had a fishing-pole with him, home-made, and a dog. He wasn't a particularly good-looking boy, but I liked his blue eyes for their calm and indescribable contentment. I don't know how to put it, but he seemed part of the trees, the rivers, and their rhythm was in him.

We stood looking at each other, and I asked if I could pat his dog's head. He said I could, and to call him Fleas.

Then I inquired if he had caught any fish. He said no, but that he'd had a swell time trying to catch one.

That was the character of Tom Carroll. In everything he did, boy and man, he was better than the average, although the rewards always evaded him. In school, in sports, in love, in war, other fellows, less talented, won the prizes; and yet it left him untouched by bitterness or jealousy.

"My name's Tom Carroll," he said. "What's yours?"

"I haven't got one, except Billy Jones. That's what they call me at the orphanage. I've run away." I would have told that to no other person in the world but him.

He weighed the secret like a judge. "Are they running after you?"

"I expect."

"Come with me and Fleas," he said. "You can hide in my Indian tepee. When Dad gets home, I'll tell him about you. He's a K.C."

"Is that some kind of policeman?"

"No, a King's Counsel. He's the best Dad in the world. He won't let them take you back. You'll see."

That's about all there was to it. It's no more than saying you remember a drink from some cool stream along a dusty road when the world about you is friendless and full of pain and hunger.

OF course, I recall other things about that meeting, though none so clearly. I remember Mrs. Carroll, a tall, golden-haired woman, coming over to the tent and putting her arms about me. And when I bathed and changed my clothes, wearing some of Tom's, I couldn't eat the food she set before me, starving as I was. I was crying. My throat had closed tight.

And that's how my name became Bill Carroll. For when he returned from Ottawa that evening and had talked things over with his wife, Norman Carroll, K.C. said he would adopt me. He said I could live with them as their son.

Oh, I could tell you a thousand stories of their kindness. I could talk all day about Tom and give countless examples of his friendship. What I am trying to explain is that my war experiences were bound up with him—particularly that last meeting.

I had come to say good-bye, and it took far greater courage than anything I was called upon to do in war. Our friendship had come a long way. We were both twenty-one. At school and college he had generally been a step or two behind me. Fate decreed that we both leaned towards the same sports, track and football. Once I deliberately let him win the quarter-mile, and was sorry for it afterwards. He refused to accept the race.

Tom tried to win. It was a matter of regret, for all of us, that he never did win, and yet the games were all the better for his participation in them. The school, the college, caught the infection of his gallant spirit.

There was a girl of nineteen, a girl with long brown lashes—Sally, her name was—and I know Tom fell in love with her. In fact, the college was in love with her, for she was the prettiest girl around. I think we all wanted Tom to win her. I know I did, smothering the jealousy that tried to hatch itself inside me. For a while she seemed devoted to Tom. They went on canoe trips together, to the movies and dances. Then she began asking me to go along with them. It got so in the end that I kept out of her way, but it didn't seem to help things.

Oh, our friendship wasn't all smooth sailing. We had many a quarrel and one or two fist fights. We tried the mud, like every other boy, and Tom came out clean, while I got spattered. I was dark, he fair. I had outgrown him in height and breadth of shoulder, for he was somewhat slight of build. But there was the greater strength within him, and I saw eye to eye with him in all things save religion. I compromised by going to church with him occasionally, but I never believed what I was hearing, whereas Tom did.

Together we offered our services to the Canadian Air Force. Looking back, I remember how completely dumbfounded I was when we had completed our physical examination. Tom failed to pass. I think, without any question of doubt, that was the hardest defeat he ever had to take and still come out the victor. We had both been wild to get into the air Service. Dad had given his consent. All we worried about was to make sure we became members of the same squadron, the same flight.

The physical examination proved that there was something seriously wrong with Tom. I wanted to back out of the air Service. I wanted to return my uniform. I begged Dad to intercede for me and get me out of there. I couldn't bring myself to go overseas, leaving Tom behind.

But Dad said it was my duty to go, that Tom would not want it any other way.

WE wrote regularly to one another. Twice he came to visit me at the training-school. I remember him staring at the fighting 'planes we had there, at the big bombers. He would stand graven before them, arms rigid at his sides. The second and last time he came there he was given permission to sit in on a twin-engined fighter, an R.C.A.F. instructor at the controls; combat flying, dummy ammunition.

"Oh, boy!" he said on landing. "Oh, boy! What a 'plane! Two-forty-five m.p.h.! Did you hear those Brownings rattle? That was me, Bill! Me! My thumb on the button! Oh, boy!"

No, he never came again, and I was transferred to a far-distant school in preparation for our trip overseas. And it was there I got the



telegram. It fluttered from my hands, and long afterwards, when I saw Messerschmitts and Heinkels going down, some of them flamed by my own guns, I always thought of that telegram falling to the floor.

I had to go, I told the commanding officer. I just had to go, even if the whole British Empire tried to hold me back. It was one more thing that helped me fight all the harder for my country later on, because I was given permission to fly from Nova Scotia all the way to Bensville, Ontario.

I knew Tom had been confined to his bed. He hadn't told me in his letters, but I knew it. Yet I wasn't prepared for what I saw. He had wasted away. The dancing of the trees had slowed down in him until it was barely a flutter. The river flowing through him had dried up.

"I heard you come," he smiled. "Dad left the windows open. I heard the sound of your 'plane." He was

They kept all the windows open for him. But they say he couldn't hear me, although I came right over the house down low



"Take me back with you," he begged. "You never failed me, Bill—not once. Don't let Father know, but smuggle me out of here. Put me in the cockpit with you."

febrile, his speech pitched in a high, excited key. I knew at once that he scarcely knew what he was saying.

"Take me back with you," he begged. "You never failed me, Bill—not once. Don't let Father know, but smuggle me out of here. Put me in the cockpit with you. I'm strong enough, I swear I am. Don't go without me, Bill. If you do, we'll never see each other again. You can do it—I know you can. Let's be together in England, Bill, like we planned."

He was calmer towards the end. How many times had I clasped that hand in so many sworn oaths: derring-do, the dive off the rocks into the river, the start of the quarter-mile, the girl with the long brown lashes. Now it felt so fragile in my palm, his fingers like twigs.

"No, you can't take me with you," he said. "I know that. That isn't what I mean, Bill. Just make me believe I'm with you. Let me share in your flying—the fighting—wherever you are. We always shared things, Bill. Let me fight for England with you—like we planned to do."

I know he fought on to hear me fly away. They kept all the windows open for him. But they say he couldn't hear me, although I came right over the house, down low. There had been a little delay before I could get off the ground, and during that delay—

Thank you, sir—I think I would like a glass of water. Thank you.

THREE days after his death we sailed aboard a transport and landed, one rainy Monday morning, in an English port. With others I was assigned to an Operational Training Unit, where we were given an advanced course in fighting tactics and the behaviour of British fighting planes. You need a cast-iron stomach to handle a Hurricane or Supermarine Spitfire, otherwise you lose consciousness at anything over 300 miles an hour. A dive or a turn at that speed drives the blood from your head, and you have to contract your stomach muscles and hold deep breaths of air in your lungs.

I had made a new friend, Ronny Stafford, a Canadian pilot officer like myself, and we were posted to the same base. The squadron leader there, a man named Godfrey, a tall, gangling chap, had been a rugger Blue in his day and played for England. Before the war he was a professor at the London University. In the mess—or anywhere else, for that matter—everybody tried to give him a wide berth. He'd talk you dizzy if he got you into a corner about his theories of truth and knowledge.

One afternoon when we came in from a patrol, familiarising us with the surrounding country, the S.L. was on the apron to meet us. His sallow, unhappy-looking face showed no sign of greeting; he just grunted at you. We ran the Hurricanes up to the cab-rank, scrambled out amid a tornado of cylinder-clearing bursts of power. All high-speed pilots stagger a bit



The Hurricane trembled and slowed from the recoil, and I hated what I was about to do. "Kill or be killed," someone seemed to whisper to me. "Live on! Live on!"

"What's your religion, Carroll?"

I confessed I hadn't any.

He was studying me with those grey unhappy eyes of his. "Know anything about the Obstructed and Unobstructed Universe?"

"Not a thing, Sir."

"There is a theory that there are not really two universes, those of the quick and the dead, but only two aspects of the one whole universe. Here on earth we live in the obstructed aspect. I don't suppose you, as an officer pilot, will deny that. There is every obstruction preventing you from landing in Hitler's study in Berchtesgaden. The contention is, however, that nothing can prevent your friend Tom from landing there."

There was a lot more of it, all Indian talk to me, and I began to see why the rest of the squadron avoided him. He saw I was a bit floored by such high-flown talk, so he abruptly changed the subject.

"The squadron will fly to its advanced base to-morrow," he said. "That's one of the reasons I wanted to have a chat with you. The chances are you will be in actual combat within the next twenty-four hours."

He must have heard my heart pumping in the momentary silence.

"I understand you played football for your college? What position?"

"Full-back."

"You've got the build for it. I should think you'd be a difficult customer to run into."

"You played for England, didn't you, Sir?"

"Six times in all. Good days. I remember once—we were playing Wales in Cardiff—when I tried to go through with a partly-torn jersey on my back. It was ripped off clean. We were somewhat more modest in those days than we are at present, so my team mates crowded around me while the trainer ran out with another jersey. White, with the red rose of England on the right breast."

Again he drank, his eyes sadly reflective.

"About a year and a half ago I met a girl in London at a big reception. We were all very (Continued on page 52)

when their feet touch the ground again, and the mechanics have to steady you.

"Carroll," the S.L. said, "when you've cleaned up, I'd like a word with you."

I went to my cubicle, changed into slacks, walked over to his hut. There was a bottle of Scotch on his dresser, but I declined a drink, worried as to what might be coming.

"I think, yesterday, when you first saw those movies, you must have realised that Operations can not only see how you chaps perform in battle, but they can also hear what you say."

"Yes, Sir."

"You haven't been in combat yet, but we've been listening to your babbling for quite some time. Frankly, Carroll, we're puzzled about some of the things you say up there. In fact, the Fighter Command A.C.M. is a trifle suspicious of you."

"Suspicious?"

Squadron-Leader Eric Godfrey drank, giving me a level stare from his grey eyes as he did so. "All right. Now I've thrown a scare into you, who the devil is this person Tom you talk to?"

Relieved, I smiled a little, then soberly told him the whole story. He listened very attentively, nodded, and seemed rather interested.

"Then you believe he rides with you?"

"No, Sir—of course not. It's just that I made a sort of promise to him. He was so crazy to be a war pilot. I talk to him now and then. Make-believe."

By C. Patrick Thompson

steam into Reykjavik harbour on the western tip of Iceland, and the wireless station on Greenland's eastern tip chatters to bombers flying over on their way to Disko, 560 miles farther west over the great ice cap. A special command of the U.S. Army is learning how to fight at fifty degrees below zero, Polar explorer Stefansson providing the training manual.

Through Alaska up to Fairbanks, batteries of heavy construction machines grunt and clang, making military airfields with electric power laid on, hard-surfaced runways, radio beams and all other equipment for round-the-clock flying.

An Allied Force lands on Spitsbergen and evacuates the entire Norwegian population with their baggage

Over on the Siberian side, men of the Soviet Northern Sea Routes Administration have built a feeder line from the trans-Siberian main tracks up the Lena River to the Arctic.

And an aviator brings back from a far northern weather post news that the Eskimo—the real primitives of the Central Arctic, not their domesticated brothers of Iceland and Greenland, who propel their *umiaks* with out-board motors, carve souvenirs for travellers and tourists, and hire themselves out as guides—are worried about their harvest prospects. Theirs is a walrus harvest, June gathered. Walrus is the northern man's substitute for the wheat of the western man and the rice of the eastern man. He eats it in hunks, uses its hide for boots, boats and tents, its sinews for sewing thread, and ages surplus meat in pits like cheese for a winter food store. But monstrous metal birds have been roaring over the walrus belt, making the walrus wary, and the harvest in consequence looks like being a poor one.

All of which, along with gouts of blood on ice, and thunder streaks cutting the great northland silence, go to make the strange pattern of war in the Arctic, where the campaigning season opens as the aching cold abates, the fogs dissolve, the ice melts, and the long dark night fades into the strange summer day which knows no night at all.

Why (Continued on page 56)



The Arctic War

Why has the Second World War gone Whirling up to the Frozen Top of the World?

AN American Army is driving a thousand-mile highway through Alaska, linking Seattle by way of the Rocky Mountain Trench and the river valleys, with Dawson and the Yukon. The Germans are heading for the White Sea, and the Russians battling to keep Murmansk port. British and American convoys creep along the Siberian coast with tanks, trucks, guns and planes for the Red Armies; the *Tirpitz* lies in Trondheim Fjord like a tiger in its lair. Troopships



The destruction by the Allied Forces of fuel dumps at Barentsberg, on the island of Spitsbergen



Canadian soldiers outside communal building at Barentsberg while brigadier explains mission to Chief Commissioner in the Council Chambers



A Canadian officer chatting with two Iceland women wearing native costume



A view, taken by a U.S.A. Navy Patrol plane, of the important harbour at Akureyri, Iceland



Dr. Otto Schmidt, famous Russian leader of the Chelyuskin Arctic Expedition

EIRE'S Censored

DURING the fifty-two months of the Great War, 633 Victoria Crosses were awarded. During the thirty-two months of the Axis War, elapsed at this writing, V.C.s total thirty-three—a fraction more than one a month—whereas in the last war the figure worked out at more than three a week.

What lies behind the great discrepancy? Are men less dashinglly valorous? Are deeds more closely inquired into? Is it the tendency to be less lavish with the supreme decoration? There may be a little of the two last lurking in what has happened, but the ruling explanation is the course this war has taken in relation to volume and intensity of actual fighting. By May of 1917 several long and bloody land campaigns had been waged in France, in the Dardanelles, in Mesopotamia, in Palestine; half a million men must have already lain dead in those fields. Great naval battles had been fought, and the U-boat war. And as for the air, it may have been a young'un compared with to-day, but that bygone aerial conflict was already at a corresponding date (April 9, 1917) leading to such bulletins as "Fifty-five of our machines failed to return."

To earn—not "win"—the V.C., since there never has been any competition about it—a man must be lucky enough to have had witnesses of his deed or deeds and they must be white. This last is probably a relic of the Mutiny, out of which rising came the V.C. and it could well be dispensed with as, eighty-six years after, less distinction is drawn in matters of colour. It used to be said that the reason Lawrence never got the Cross was because his only witnesses were invariably Arabs. Whether Lawrence took it to heart, I don't know, but he never would wear any decorations and finished by handing back to the King those he had received though that was done because he decided the Government had let down his Arabs. Lawrence was Irish—that may also have had something to do with it!

Well, it so happens that this article mainly turns on Irish V.C.s. One day recently the headlines announced: "Eire's Fifth V.C." when Captain Jackman was posthumously given the award for outstanding bravery in the Western Desert. Personally, I can trace four V.C.s only from Eire. Captain Ervine-Andrews,



V.C.S

Although many Irishmen are winning this most treasured decoration—no mention of their bravery and devotion to duty is allowed in the Irish newspapers

By Ferdinand Tuohy

Captain Fegen, Lieutenant-Commander Esmonde, and Captain Jackman. But the official figure is five (can the fifth be Flight-Lieutenant Brindley Nicolson, it sounds Irish?) so we shall proceed on that basis. Now the reason I wish to write about these Irishmen, three of whom are dead, is not to point out the astonishing record Eire has produced, but something even more astonishing: the fact that their names and deeds are censored from the Press of Eire. You may not mention such things, so strict is Mr. De Valera's neutrality.

First about that record. Of the thirty-three Crosses so far awarded, eighteen have gone to the Army, eight to the Air Force, and seven to the Royal Navy. Both the Air Force and the Navy have been more constantly in action than the Army and assuredly individual heroism has been as great in each as in the Army. But it may be that V.C.s are more difficult to pin on individual breasts hailing from a community concern like a warship or even a bomber; whereas men fighting on land are apt to stand out more in the individual sense. At any rate, those are the proportions, and now for another matter: nationalities. So far as I can determine, seventeen have gone to the British Isles, and no fewer than a round dozen to Australia and New Zealand. Two more Crosses have gone to Indians.

Considering the population of Eire—barely 3,000,000—in

Decoration
By
J. Nicolson



relation to that of the British Isles as a whole—48,000,000—it emerges that Eire is winning the Cross at a rate so much faster than any other part of the British Isles that I hesitate to give you the dizzying results my application of the Differential Calculus has given. For, note, these Irishmen have been of Irish families resident in Ireland, as distinct from belonging to that largish transplanted tribe known as "Anglo-Irish." Take the first Army V.C. of the war, Captain Irvine-Andrews. His father is a bank manager of Co. Wexford. The captain took charge of 1,000 yards of the canal defence of Dunkirk and "For over ten hours, notwithstanding intense artillery, mortar, and machine gun fire, and in the face of vastly superior enemy forces, he and his company held their position. . . . He went forward, climbed to the roof of a barn, and engaged the enemy with rifle and light automatic fire. Captain Irvine-Andrews personally accounted for seventeen of the enemy with his rifle and for many more with a Bren gun. After sending back his wounded, he collected the last eight men of his company and led them to cover, swimming or wading up to the chin in water for over a mile. Throughout the action his magnificent example imbued his own troops with the dauntless fighting spirit which he himself displayed."

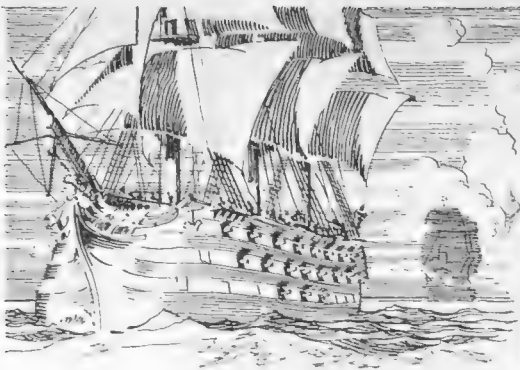
The Faces of the Brave. A general view of the historic scene in the Royal Gallery of the House of Lords on Saturday, Nov. 9, 1929, when those from all parts of the Empire who have earned the right to wear the most treasured and most hard-won decoration in the world—the V.C.—dined happily together

Less than a month after that I saw plump Irvine-Andrews coming out of Austin Reed's in Regent Street and almost said "Bravo Stonyhurst!" as I passed, for the first V.C. of the last war was also from Stonyhurst, and a very old friend of mine: Lieutenant Maurice Dease, Dublin Fusiliers. Dease was found wounded to death in the corner of a field at

Mons, on August 23, 1914, after he had fought his machine gun to the last. We were in the same class at school, but I knew him long before then, having been brought from Ireland to London the same night, when we were both approximately six weeks old.

There has been some talk about Stonyhurst as "the V.C.s School." What is there to it? Take the three V.C.s of the last war. What were they like? Dease was plump and laughing, ran the tuck shop, and was the most popular boy in the school, responding to the label "Peckham" after a fat boy of the period. Footballer, midway up class; seemed to be toying with a vocation for the priesthood. I should have thought he had been cured for ever of any military ambitions after an incident of the attack on Wigan, in April, 1906. He was my corporal on a Cadet Corps field day and we were told very early to lie down and be good boys as (Continued on page 60)





Mary Talbot who fought with the British Army at the siege of Valenciennes during the Revolutionary Wars against the French

TENS of thousands of our women are being called to the Colours, but none will be asked to take part in combatant duties, although in Russia, China and Poland it has been the custom for women to bear arms with their menfolk. And there is no doubt that if asked the women of Britain would fight with equal valour.

We have only to turn back the pages of our island's story to discover the stories of some of the most valiant women soldiers—and sailors, in history. Several women took an active and gallant part at Trafalgar, and in 1834 William IV attended a service at Greenwich Hospital on the anniversary of Lord Howe's famous naval victory, The Glorious First of June.

A newspaper reported that three women who took part in the battle were there, "and who certainly ought to have had the honour of kissing the Queen's hand: Catherine Dowling, aged sixty-three, who fought at one of the guns on board the *Glory* during the whole of the action; Isabella Beck, who was on board the *Brunswick* and assisted the surgeon; and another female, residing in Greenwich, whose name we cannot learn."

Then there was Hannah Whitney, of Plymouth, who served in the Marines during part of the Seven Years War, from 1756 to 1761, and about thirty years later Mary Talbot fought with the British Army at the siege of Valenciennes, during the revolutionary wars against France. Women warriors on board ship was an accepted custom in those days, but very

Phoebe Hessel: one of the most remarkable of British women soldiers. She served for many years as a private soldier in the 5th Regiment of Foot. She lived to the ripe old age of 108. (Reproduced from a print published for her benefit and support.)

Britain's Women Soldiers

Historical Characters of Past Campaigns

By
E. R. Yarnham

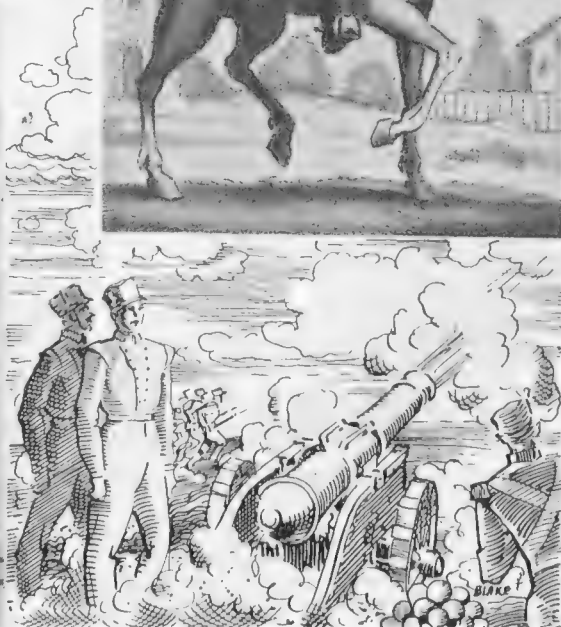
often in the army they tried to disguise their sex and many succeeded for a long period. One of these was Christina Davis, who joined the Inniskilling Dragoons and fought bravely in the Flanders campaign under William III against the French. A wound at the Battle of Steinkerk led to the discovery of her sex.

A love romance was, more than once, the cause which sent women into the field

of battle. One of the most celebrated of early amazons was the daughter of a Dublin innkeeper. When her father died Christina Kavanagh inherited the inn and she married a young man named Thomas Walsh, with whom she was deeply in love. But the life of a publican seems to have bored the youthful Thomas. He disappeared and the rumour was that he had been murdered. Shortly afterwards, however, she received a letter from him. He had joined the army and was in Flanders. Christina promptly disguised herself as a man and was accepted as a recruit, and soon after sailed for the Low Countries.

She fought in the same campaign under William III as her namesake, and was wounded by a musket ball at the Battle of Neerwinden (1693). After her recovery she was discharged, but she had not found her husband, (Continued on page 68)

Christina Davis who joined the Inniskilling Dragoons and fought bravely in the Flanders campaign under William III against the French. A wound received at the Battle of Steinkerk eventually led to the discovery of her sex





Passengers for the Clipper

*A Reporter meets with a Spot of
Bother and a Spot of Romance
in Europe's Emergency Exit*

by **Barry Perowne**

THE big motor coach slid to a standstill in the dust and sun-glare of the plaza. The passengers, drowsily gathering up their belongings, blinked out at the half-dozen acacia trees, the parched fountain, the squad of leathery, bored soldiers. Only their officer was brisk. Moustached, swarthy, he swung himself into the coach with a curt: "*Passaportos, senhores y senhoras.*"

He examined Alison's passport first, since she sat in the seat immediately behind the driver.

"Is transit visa," he said.

"I have a reservation," Alison explained, "in the Clipper leaving Lisbon to-morrow."

He nodded. "Passport will be returned at military post." He glanced at the attaché-case and typewriter in the luggage net. "Is anything to declare?"

"Nothing. I have a suitcase in the back—"

"Will be examined," he said, and passed on.

The driver leaned over the back of his seat to tell Alison: "Passengers leave Spanish coach here for Portuguese coach. Luggage is examined when it is changed over. There is one hour to wait, and it is possible to obtain luncheon in restaurant across plaza. If you wish, I will see luggage through customs and obtain corresponding seat in other coach."

Alison was glad of the break. The motor coach had left Madrid at six in the morning, and it had been a long, hot, tiring journey. More than anything else, at the moment, she coveted cold water, mirror, comb and lipstick.

At the restaurant across the plaza she used all four. And when she emerged, refreshed, from her toilet—a slender, tanned, grey-eyed, honey-haired girl in a grey skirt, and a short-sleeved blue sports shirt open at the throat, with a grey jacket over her arm—she saw that three of her fellow passengers had entered the restaurant.

In the coach the mirror over the driver's seat had allowed her to indulge her good reporter's habit of studying and classifying her fellows. Thus the rather fine-looking brunette at the table in the window was already, in Alison's mind, tagged "opera singer." For her profile was Italian, her figure Junoesque. She had a travelling companion—a man Alison had wondered whether to classify as husband or manager—but he wasn't with her at the moment.

The "Austrian publisher" sat at the table next to the brunette's. He was "Austrian" on the strength of a rather heavy pepper-and-salt tweed suit and a dark green velour hat with a cord; and it was a combination of scholarly stoop, blue eyes immensely magnified by thick, rimless spectacles, portable typewriter

Alison glanced at her
wristwatch, smiled at him.
"Say, half-past nine!"

TAGG M.
EAGLES.

of the same model as Alison's own, and a wad of what looked like galley proofs, that made her tag him "publisher."

She sat down at one of the tables, with its coarse but clean, checkered cloth, its water-carafe and small bottle of *vino tinto*, and gave the third of her fellow passengers the briefest of glances. He sat alone—a tall, leather-dark young man in a grey suit and a khaki shirt with a black tie. Alison felt sure he was American, and had put him down as "engineer." He was eating an omelette, and reading—as he had been reading all the time in the motor coach—a detective story with a startling jacket.

Alison was more startled by the omelette. It was a gratifying sight, after nearly two years in wartime Europe. She ordered an omelette herself, and with it came potato chips, crisp, golden, matchstick-thin in the Portuguese style.

A lean man with a furrowed, dark, mobile face entered the little, shadowy restaurant with its bead curtains, closed shutters, and white-scrubbed board floor. He joined the opera singer, at the table in the window.

Husband? Alison wondered again. Or manager?

He wore a white suit; his hips were narrow, his shoulders broad. He carried a typewriter. Alison had noticed the typewriter before, because, like the Austrian's, it was the same model as her own. She felt a bit uneasy now, seeing that neither the Austrian nor this other man had left their typewriters in the coach, about having left hers there. Typewriters weren't the sort of thing to leave unattended in motor coaches in somnolent little sun-smitten towns on the Spanish-Portuguese frontier.

The Austrian finished his lunch, and with his wad of galley proofs, his typewriter, and his air of myopic obliviousness, wandered out; and Alison, still thinking of her own typewriter, the instrument and symbol of her profession, rather hurried her coffee.

The restaurant was on the first floor, and as she passed out through the restaurant underneath, she saw another of her fellow passengers. Like the engineer, this one also, she suspected, was an American. Spare, bald, ascetic, stiff-collared, with the breast-pocket of his neat, business-like suit clipped full of pens and pencils, there was about him an air of prim officialdom which had made Alison think "consulate-general," and "chief clerk." He sat at one of the small tables consuming a hygienic lunch from a spotless napkin. Alison strongly suspected that he would top off the lunch with a soda-mint tablet.

She needn't have hurried her coffee, after all. Her typewriter was safe enough, and the coach wasn't empty, anyway. Two or three passengers had changed over from the other coach without, apparently, going to lunch at all. Gradually the remainder of the passengers came trickling back, and after a while the driver took his seat.

The coach climbed a steep, dusty road to the military post just outside the town. Here there were sentry boxes painted with oblique stripes, and more of the leathery, bored soldiers. The same swarthy, consequential officer boarded the coach and handed out the passports to their owners—after which the coach pushed on into Portugal.

THE road was dust-white and narrow; it skirted parched valleys, across which rose scrub-covered hills; here and there on the hill-sides were lonely, white-walled farmhouses. It was the bolthole of Europe, this road, Alison thought—the emergency exit. A strange procession had passed this way since the war started—statesmen and refugees, philosophers and spies, statesmen and even kings, headed for Lisbon and the Clippers. He glanced into the mirror over the driver's seat to study again the reflections of her fellow passengers.

She looked straight into the dark eyes of a sleek, olive-skinned young man with a delicate arc of moustache.

Alison had noticed him before, without being able to hazard a guess at what he was. All she could judge was that his blue-grey, pin-striped flannels, and pale-biscuit tweed coat belted in the back, were American in cut; and that his black and white buckskin shoes, dark blue shirt, and obliquely striped tie, expressed an aspiration to dandyism.

She looked away from the mirror at once, now, but next moment he was standing beside her seat, smiling down at her, saying: "Is permitted, please?"

A lurch of the coach enabled him to drop into the seat beside her without waiting for her reply, and he said immediately, with a quick glance upward at the luggage net: "Is a matter of typewriter."

"Typewriter?"

He smiled, with a flash of white teeth, at her expression.

"You are American, yais?" he said. "I am



JACK M. FAULKNER

Very quickly, the big man jerked his hands above shoulder height and kept them there

just now from there. From Chicago. By way of Gibraltar." He sighed, shrugged. "Very soon I go back to Chicago. Is only short stay I come for in old country, you betcha—mighty short!"

He glanced at the barren, heat-quelled hills outside the window, and his mouth went hard for a moment under the arc of moustache. Then he smiled again.

"Sure! Pretty soon I catch Clipper, also—like you, maybe? Still, is right to come back once in while—flash some money so old folks know son Agostino is pretty big potatoes in Chicago, yais?"

His bright glance flickered over her face, but didn't meet her eyes; and Alison felt grey inside. It was such an old, sad story, this, and so obvious. No doubt he'd been living in America without papers and had been either repatriated or had decamped before the registration for selective service combed out some awkward details. The "real money" talk, like the dashing shirt and the pale-biscuit coat belted in the back, was just a smoke screen for heartbreak.

Alison said: "Yes, it's right to go home once in a while," and wondered what her typewriter had to do with it.

"I tell you truth," said Agostino. "I leave Chicago—unexpected."

That fitted, Alison thought. She slowly shook her head



with a faint smile, at his proffered cigarette case.

"Unexpected," Agostine repeated, "yais." Frowning, he lighted a cigarette; then turned to her with a little, deprecatory gesture of his slender, dusky hands. "I got girl in Chicago. I do not have opportunity see her, explain I go away for short time. She is nice girl, so blonde; is Swedish. Is on my mind I would like write to her, explain how I am called away unexpected on short business trip to old country. You know? Only—I tell you truth. I can write signature, not more. I have not learned . . ."

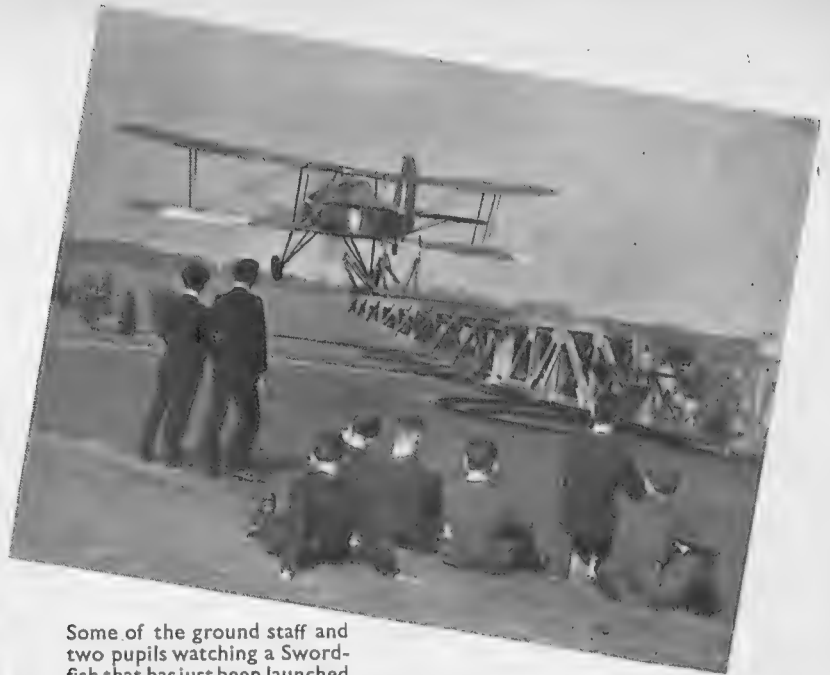
His expression was strange as he glanced out again for a moment at the scrub-covered, sliding hills. He drew in his breath.

"Your typewriter make me think—I keep wondering—maybe you will write letter for me, yais? Telling how it is unexpected business, and I am back plenty quick, and what it is I have here in my heart for her always? And I will write signature to it?"

Alison said: "Of course I'll write it for you," and her voice was gentle, because she knew that though he might brag and be for a time a hero in the small, dusty town or fish-smelling village to which he was returning, he was unlikely ever to see Chicago again, or fly the Atlantic in the Clipper. She said: "You'll tell me what to write?"

"Yais. Not here. Not here," he said, and glanced round the coach, and smiled at (Continued on page 62)

A Swordfish being lowered by the crane on to the catapult



Some of the ground staff and two pupils watching a Swordfish that has just been launched from the catapult gear

The Catapult Planes at Work

*How pilots are trained
for this tricky take-off*

By Harriman Dickson



The pilot's view as his aircraft is lowered on to the catapult ready for the next launch

IT was early morning when I arrived on the outskirts of the R.A.F. station where they train our catapult pilots, and a stealthy mist was improving upon our own methods of camouflage. The worn battlements of an old fort loomed suddenly out of the mist. Once upon a time it had withstood siege by boiling oil, arrows and sword. To-day it bristled with an alien array of armaments.

'Then we dipped into a tunnel, dark and dank, scene of more bloody battles, and finally, coming out into blinding daylight again, I saw the catapult apparatus for the first time, its giant trellis-work of iron and steel lying across the aerodrome like the huge skeleton of some prehistoric monster.

Here was the best answer to the long range German bomber molesting our ships on the high seas. It could hurl a plane off a small deck into the air to tackle the enemy. There was a great sweep of ocean nearby. There were many ships at anchor. Two of them carried a smaller version of this catapult apparatus. It looked cumbersome sprawled across their decks, an unwieldy device hardly compensating for the space it occupied. But it has more than proved its worth. I saw full evidence of it that morning.

I climbed round the catapult first of all. It stands some five feet high, and has the length of roughly three railway carriages. Pivoting on a giant spindle it is so finely set that one or two men can swing the huge contraption north, south,

east or west, into the wind, with perfect ease. Once upon a time, this particular catapult punched planes into the air from the deck of a cruiser. To-day, it is teaching dozens of pilots the tricky business of catapult take-off.

It all begins when the pilot volunteers for catapult work. He knows, precisely, the hazards involved and realises that there is probably no worse type of flying. Think of being punched into the air from the deck of a small ship, hundreds of miles from anywhere, with an enemy plane to be attacked and destroyed, and then relying upon your own judgment when the show is over, to plough into the sea as near your ship as possible and wait for them to get you aboard; make for land if it is not fantastically distant, or just bale out. The alternatives are pretty grim. No ground staff waiting to see you safely in, no broad solid aerodrome, not even an aircraft carrier. Just a chance of reaching land or ploughing into the sea. I drew this gloomy picture for a naval pilot. He laughed and said: "That's the sort of thing that keeps you alive!" Actually, casualties have been very small amongst our catapult pilots.

Well, the actual performance with this

training catapult could not begin until I had visited the "armoury" where great metal containers hold the various charges. They are not unlike normal shells. The armourer selected a seven-pound charge filled, not with high explosive, but with cordite. The commanding officer examined its label, and checked its contents.

Then the catapult crew took up their positions round "Baby" and somewhere across the aerodrome I heard the deep note of an aeroplane revving up. It came into view a moment later, a Swordfish, better known to the Navy as a Stringbag.

Beside the catapult stood a powerful crane and the Stringbag trundled towards it, settled in position beneath it and waited for the grappling hooks to engage. Meanwhile I had a word with the pilot. No ordinary pilot this. In the first place he wore a beard. In the second place he dabbled in philosophy in his spare time, and we gave and returned, abstruse names and theories from Whitehead to dialectical materialism. He had a long, dark face with thoughtful eyes. When he spoke of philosophy they looked absent. When he turned to catapulting they smiled. Not that his attitude to them was different, because both philosophy and flying gave (Continued on page 67).

Old Tales Re-told

The Matrimonial and other Adventures of the
daughter of Theodosius the Great Placidia Galla

MANY are the queens and empresses whose lives have been marked by drama and tragedy, and who have come to a disastrous end after a life of power and splendour. But in the main they allowed destiny to shape their end, and did not play any active part in the great events that overwhelmed them. It was difficult for a woman of royal blood to venture forth in the world, to seek adventure, defy hazard and an unknown fate, and Placidia Galla, the subject of our story, was no exception to the rule, but for adventures she had more than her share.

Seventy-eight years had elapsed since the Christian emperor Constantine, eager

*Written and
Illustrated by*

F. Matania, R.I.

to crush paganism, had moved the capital of the Roman Empire from Rome to Byzantium, now called Istanbul. The strength of the Empire was being dissipated and its prestige had declined. With few exceptions the reins of government were in the hands of weaklings, and every day brought nearer the end of the greatest political and military structure the world has ever seen. The process of disintegration was watched

with keen interest by the barbarians of the north, kept at bay hitherto by Roman might. Now that the backbone of the giant was bending, the hordes of famished wolves plotted aggression.

The Emperor Honorius, a mere boy, was a nonentity from every point of view. He seemed totally unconscious of the exalted position he occupied and of the intrigues and ambitions of those who surrounded him. Yet his share of the empire comprised Italy, France, Spain, Africa and Illyria, which included Albania and Greece.

The peoples of the north of Europe had only one ambition—to attack Rome



Placidia Galla was forced to accept the humiliation of following the barbarians from camp to camp as a helpless captive

The groom struck at Ataulphus with a dagger and killed him



and seize the treasure from the almost undefended city. They had been baulked far too long of their prey.

As the fourth century expired, revolt began to spread from Germany practically over all the Balkans. The "blond barbarians" were up in arms, and in no time the Danube was overrun. At the head of the ferocious hordes was Alaric, king of the Visigoths, a bold and clever leader. As his army marched southwards, the terror-stricken peasants evacuated their villages and tried to save themselves and their belongings in flight. The highways presented a pitiful picture.

The first country to be trampled under the invader's heel was Greece. No opposition of any kind was met by the barbarians.

As Gibbon says: "They massacred the males of age to take arms, and drove away the beautiful females with the spoil and cattle of flaming villages." Like a cloud of locusts they left the country behind them quite barren. Only when they succeeded in extracting heavy ransoms did they refrain from savagery and violence.

Strange to reflect that if an individual, through an act of violence, gains possession of another man's property, he is called a thief, ruffian or brigand. If in the course of robbery he meets with opposition and kills a man, he is called a criminal assassin, and if the law catches him he is hanged. Yet if millions of people band together, openly organised to achieve the same purpose on a huge scale, what they do is called Conquest and they are styled Conquerors. What a metamorphosis!

A contemporary philosopher who visited Athens after the passing of the "conquerors" writes: "Athens itself resembles the bleeding and empty skin of a slaughtered victim."

IN the year 402 Alaric was already pillaging Northern Italy. He had invaded the Venetian plains and was approaching Milan, then the habitat of Honorius. The latter, instead of planning the defence of the nation, was planning his own escape to Switzerland. He was only eighteen, and was much more concerned with his own personal safety than with anything else.

It appears that the only man with sufficient courage to stand up to the enemy was General Stilicho, who was in command of the army of the West.





Placidia was subjected to all the humiliations of a slave, and was forced to serve at table the drunken German brutes, who had neither restraint nor shame

He taught the barbarians many a severe lesson. So much so that when reinforcements of these ruffians appeared under the leadership of the pagan Goth Rhodogaisus, they were driven back right to their own territory by Stilicho, despite the fact that their numbers were now in the region of four hundred thousand. But as time went on, the net of intrigue against Stilicho was drawn tighter. He was eventually involved in a plot and murdered, in spite of having taken refuge in a church.

The end of this valiant defender of Rome meant the removal of the only obstacle in the path of the invaders. They made preparations for a further attempt. About half a million of them set out on one of those looting expeditions that they call "triumphant marches." Honorius meanwhile took refuge in the impregnable fortress of Ravenna, and this place eventually became the permanent residence of the young Emperor. His half-sister, named Placidia for some unknown reason, did not accompany him to Ravenna, but was left behind at Rome. She was still there when Alaric and his hordes were on the outskirts of the Eternal City.

The walls of Rome had somehow been fortified and repaired; but when the defenders beheld the surrounding countryside swarming with the enemy as far as the eye could see, they realised the futility of any resistance.

Hitherto, the only barbarians who had set foot in Rome had been slaves. Now

they were about to enter as masters. However, according to history the primitive character of the invaders allowed of no feelings of intellectual or spiritual superiority. All they wanted was to steal the riches of their enemies; they wanted the gold and silver, they wanted to glut themselves on rich food and wine made from grapes, and rape the beautiful Roman, white-skinned women. Such was all that Teutonic mentality could compass. . . .

Alaric knew very well that Rome was totally unprepared, and he besieged the city, thereby preventing any food from reaching it. A line of barges was strung across the Tiber, closing that channel. He decided to await the capitulation that could not long be delayed, and meanwhile constructed huge camps round the city. Food and provisions were obtained by plundering the countryside, and in a very short time the plight of the besieged Romans was desperate. The mortality of the population from starvation rose to appalling figures, and only those with a fortune to squander could obtain anything to eat. Finally, the Senate, having no hope of help from the outer world, decided to send two representatives to Alaric to discuss conditions for an armistice.

Draped in immaculate togas, the two dignitaries reached the tent of the commander-in-chief and were presented to Alaric.

In order not to seem mere beggars of peace, they opened proceedings with a tentative boast. They stated that the

walls of Rome were thickly garrisoned and ready to put up a stand. Alaric countered with: "The thicker the hay, the easier mown!" All his officers greeted this sally with a coarse laugh. He then said that he required all the gold and silver, money, bullion and jewels that Rome contained. In addition, he wanted every object of value, such as furniture, plate and statuary. Also he demanded the freedom of every slave whose origin was beyond the Danube.

The flabbergasted ambassadors could hardly believe their ears. They asked faintly: "After such a spoliation, what will be left to us?" Again Alaric gave a reply that revealed him for the man he was. He said: "You will be left with your lives."

There was no more to be said. A fantastic sum was involved, and in order to collect it the Romans were obliged to despoil even their temples of the sacred vessels.

Before the siege was raised, Alaric demanded also a certain number of hostages, and first and foremost was the Princess Placidia. Only nineteen years of age, the Princess was forced to accept the humiliation of following the barbarians from camp to camp as a helpless captive.

Now Alaric, unlike his followers, had some notions of chivalry and culture. He was accustomed to take hot baths in Roman fashion and to trim his beard. To his credit, it must be said that he refused to abandon (Continued on p. 50)



Singeric organised a kind of triumphal military procession and a group of miserable slaves was forced to walk in front of his horse—Placidia Galla among them

Summer Nature Walk

*In the Woods, Lanes, Meadows
and the Hedgerows*

By B. Melville Nicholas



is a late migrant, arriving here in May and throughout the summer months its strange "churring" voice may be heard in the twilight. One can never be quite sure from which direction the sound comes until a shape, bat-like and hawk-like, swoops past and the mystery is solved.

The nightjar is a hunter of moths and all night-flying insects and has a very wide gape to enable it to grab its elusive quarry with greater ease. It was, no doubt, the nightjar's big mouth that convinced country people in days gone by that the bird robbed goats of

"One good turn deserves another." A pair of young kestrels beak-cleaning. They were reared in a hollow tree trunk above reeds

their milk—a superstition of course, that has no foundation in fact, but which gave to the bird the name of "goat-sucker."

Twins are the utmost to which the nightjar aspires, and her two eggs are laid on the (Continued on page 54)



Baby curlews in their juvenile plumage are adepts at concealing themselves. "Keep still and you won't be seen" is their motto



Enjoying a dust-bath, a method of cleansing its feathers in the sun-scorched earth which the partridge prefers to ordinary washing



A mother song-thrush and her brood—it may be her second family! It's my turn next, seems to be the opinion of the chicks

THE path that follows the winding stream down the bracken-covered slope and into the woods is never more lovely than in summer when the honeysuckle drapes its fragrant flowers over the hedges, and the meadow-sweet raises its blooms from the ditch.

Walking quietly onwards along this peaceful path, especially if a summer day is fading into twilight greyness, I often hear a queer little snuffling noise and, on looking round, see an old hedgehog taking her young ones on a foraging expedition. Judging by the activity of their little black noses pointing this way and that, they find many tasty tit-bits among the purple heather of the hill-side.

Unfortunately, hedgehogs have been greatly misunderstood, and sometimes persecuted because people have believed that they suck the milk from domestic cows and rob hens' nests. Of course the hedgehog, or the "urchin" as the countryman calls it, does like milk, and "Peter," a tame hedgehog which I once owned would climb on to a table and drink it out of a jug—probably wishing he had a longer neck to drain the jug to the bottom—but the hedgehog certainly does *not* milk cows. Actually hedgehogs can be very useful to farmers, for they eat so many different kinds of plant-destroying pests such as worms, slugs, snails and beetle grubs. In fact, a hedgehog does practically no harm at all and to kill one is the depth of folly.

A similar country superstition surrounds the nightjar, a bird which also loves the bracken-covered moors and heaths, where, in many districts, it is still known as the goat-sucker. The nightjar



A trio of young owls. These were reared close to a family of four whitethroats. All of them, the owls and the whitethroats, eventually reached maturity without mishap

They Did What They Could

The Story of an Enemy Attack by Plane and Submarine on a Ship which lost its Convoy

THE wind is getting up. It looks like a gale coming. I don't think we'll last out a gale. The boat is riddled with holes and we shan't have the energy to go on baling much longer. This is the fifth day. We are getting very weak. We have food and water, but it is the cold. It is February and we are somewhere south of Spitsbergen. It snowed again during the night. But now the sun is up. It is like a ball of fire in this clear grey sky. It has no warmth. The sail is frozen stiff like a board and we are too chilled to bale. There are about six inches of water in the bottom of the boat and that is beginning to freeze. Sometimes we see bits of ice floating by in the sea. My brain is numbed and I am beginning to get frost-bite. But I think I'll be able to write this down. I want to. I want you to know that we did what we could.

IT was on the fifteenth that I joined my ship. I was four years in the coastal trade before the war. Then I shipped on the old *Cresta*. Now I'm a seaman gunner. As soon as I heard about the Merchant Navy A.A. School I volunteered. I think we'd had more than our share of bombing in the *Cresta*—we'd been at Dunkirk and Narvik as well as on the routine convoys—and we'd given so little in exchange. Two Lewis guns isn't much on a bigish ship. I was mad to get on to guns that could shoot back. Well, now I've had a crack at them, and I don't feel so bad. I don't mind getting out now. It isn't so frightening really. The cold just makes one sleepy and unreal, and a minute seems an eternity. But my shoulder aches a bit. I can feel the bullet grating on the bone every time I move it.

At the end of the course they promoted me to leading seaman and posted me straight off to Hull. I was told to report to Convoy Control in that building by the main gates. They didn't say what ship I was going on.

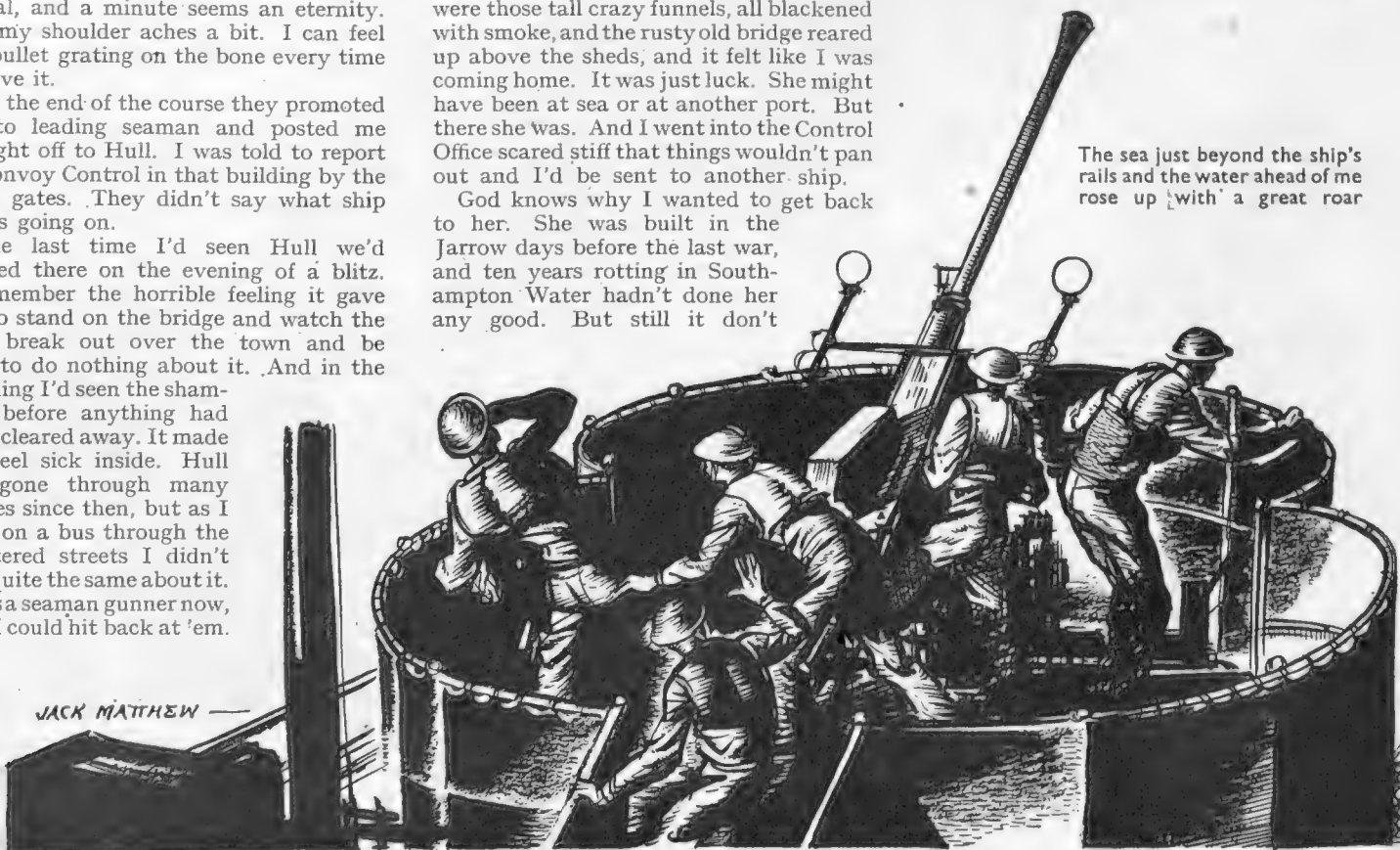
The last time I'd seen Hull we'd docked there on the evening of a blitz. I remember the horrible feeling it gave me to stand on the bridge and watch the fires break out over the town and be able to do nothing about it. And in the morning I'd seen the shambles before anything had been cleared away. It made me feel sick inside. Hull has gone through many blitzes since then, but as I rode on a bus through the shattered streets I didn't feel quite the same about it. I was a seaman gunner now, and I could hit back at 'em.



And then I got to the docks and there were those tall crazy funnels, all blackened with smoke, and the rusty old bridge reared up above the sheds, and it felt like I was coming home. It was just luck. She might have been at sea or at another port. But there she was. And I went into the Control Office scared stiff that things wouldn't pan out and I'd be sent to another ship.

God knows why I wanted to get back to her. She was built in the Jarrow days before the last war, and ten years rotting in Southampton Water hadn't done her any good. But still it don't

The sea just beyond the ship's rails and the water ahead of me rose up with a great roar



JACK MATTHEW

By Hammond Innes

matter; I didn't volunteer for the ship. The naval bloke just looked down a list and said: "Report to Captain Renfrew of the *Cresta*." I had no choice, thank God. If I had, I might be kicking myself now.

I went out on to the docks as happy as a sandboy. Number four she was in and, soon as I turned the corner of the sheds, I saw her. She was just as crazy looking as ever with those thin funnels and that high superstructure. She looked, if anything, dirtier. There seemed to be more rust patches on the camouflage paint than when I'd seen her last. And she was high out of the water so that she seemed to tower right over the line of sheds. She was always like that, even when she was overloaded, as she usually was. She'd got her cargo on board now. There were tanks lashed to the deck amidships. She looked unpleasantly top-heavy. But that didn't worry me. She always had done, and we'd taken her wallowing through some pretty bad seas. I had eyes only for the slender barrel of the Bofors mounted against her stern railings. It gave me a thrill to see it there. That was my gun. I tell you, I felt somebody then.

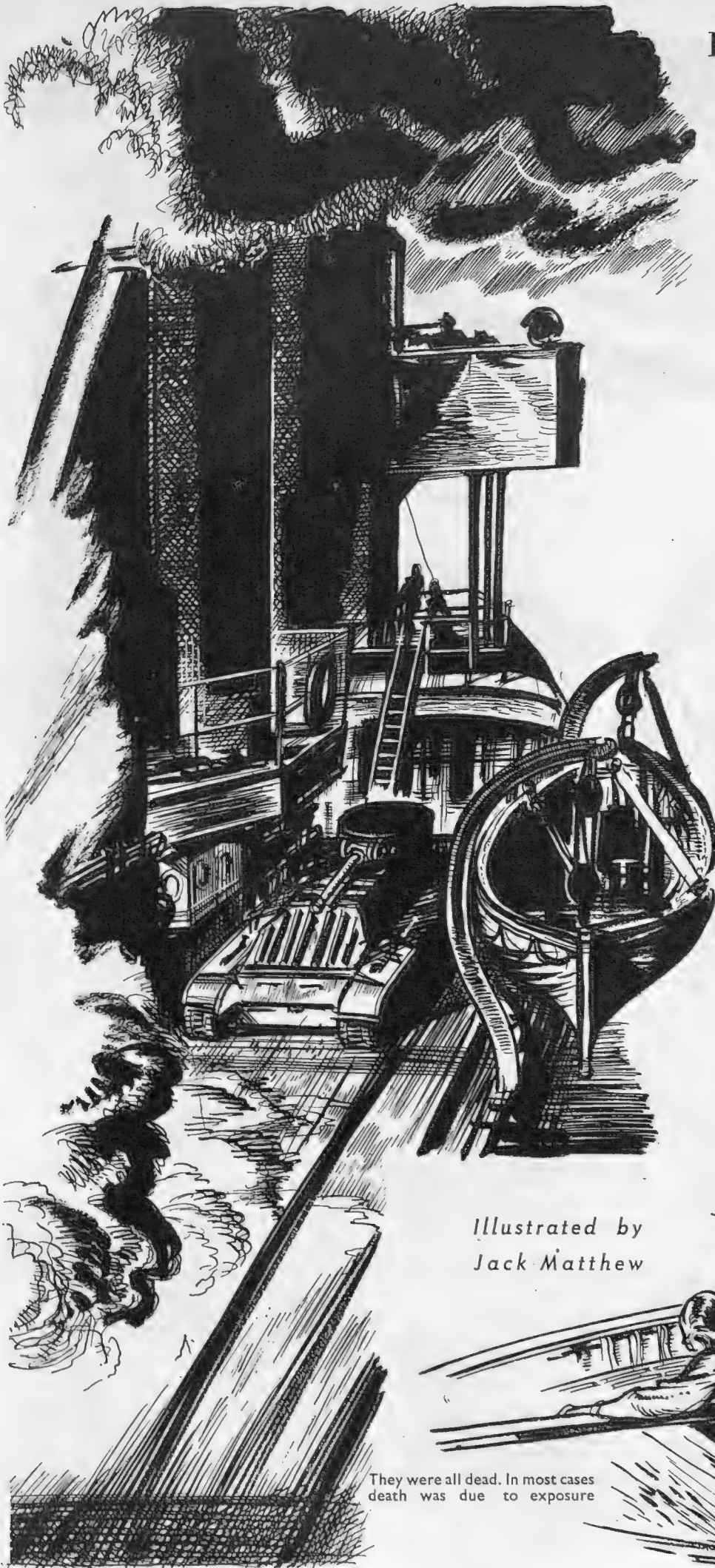
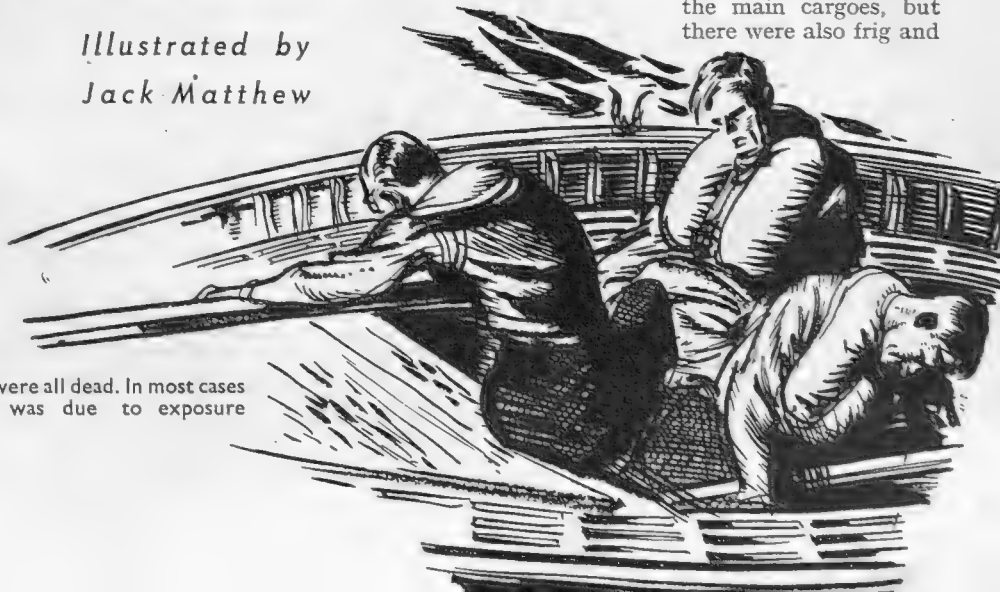
The sun was just setting as I climbed the gangplank. I turned at the top to look aft at the gun, which seemed very new in its unsoiled paint. In front of me was a tank with "To Joe with love" chalked on it. So it was Russia. Tanks for Russia. I was glad about that.

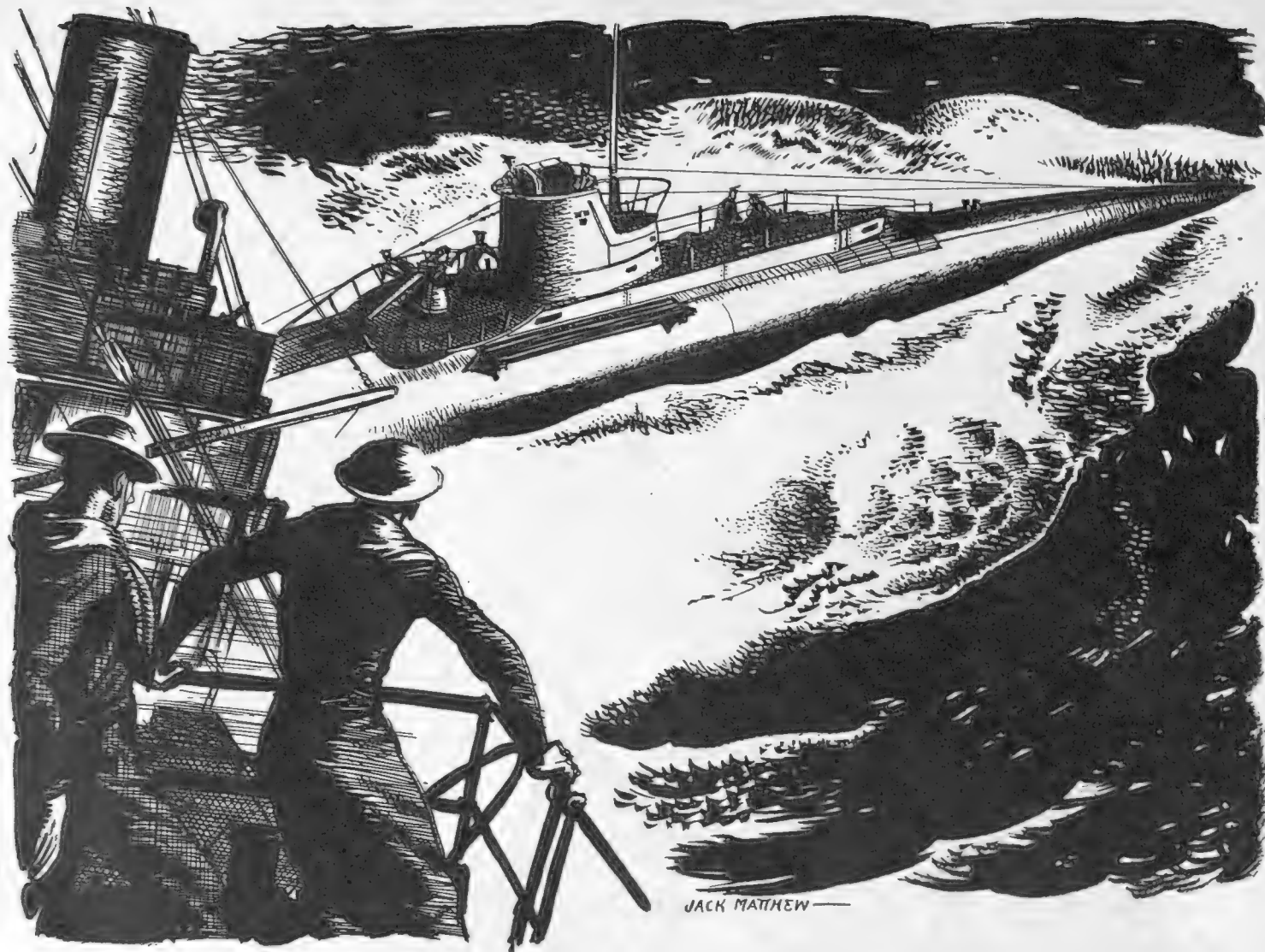
WE slipped our mooring early next day and joined the convoy that was gathering at the mouth of the Humber. During the two days we were anchored off Grimsby I got in a lot of gun drill. I wasn't badly off as far as a gun detachment was concerned. I had Jimmy Kerr, a rather pug-faced lad, who was always grinning and worked like a nigger at anything that had to be done. He had passed through the school a month before. He'd just failed to make the top grade. Then there were two other fellows: an oldish man named Craig, who was wiry and tough-looking, and a kid of seventeen, smooth-skinned and rather dull. They'd both been through the short course. That was the whole detachment—just the four of us. As ammunition numbers I had two of the crew, Philips and Saunders, who were old pals of mine. They didn't do any of the constant manning duties, but just helped us out on alarms.

Throughout the sixteenth and seventeenth ship after ship arrived, rendezvousing from all the ports of the East Coast. Tanks, guns and ammunition were the main cargoes, but there were also frig and

Illustrated by
Jack Matthew

They were all dead. In most cases death was due to exposure





There was a thrashing at the wake of the U-boat as the propeller began to turn

grain ships. Raiders were over regularly soon after dusk and the shore-based heavies were in action every night. Throughout these alerts we stood to. We could hear Jerry droning over quite low, but we got no chance to open up. However, the time wasn't wasted. In the light of the searchlights we were able to put in some useful hours on the gun.

We weighed anchor on the eighteenth. The convoy strength was then thirty-five ships. Some were armed with Bofors like ourselves, but the majority carried either three-inch or Lewis guns. One or two had barrage balloons in tow.

I was feeling nervy and excited. From the amount of attention Jerry had given us during the nights we had been anchored in the Humber, it was clear that he knew all about us. Attack seemed inevitable. And for once I was wanting it. A ship is too small a target to bomb effectively from any height. They'd have to come down. They always did. And the two days of drill we had had as a team had given us confidence. The others felt the same. Even Craig, who was a pretty morose individual, was humming to himself as he went about his duties at examination of equipment that morning. And Jimmy Kerr, who was number four, kept patting his ammunition and saying: "We'll show the swine something this time."

But it seemed that we were out of luck. Just as dusk was falling, the engines slowed and stopped. We began to fall astern of the others. A destroyer fussed alongside, and in reply to the

commander's query, the old man shouted: "Crank bearing gone. Take about three hours. I'll carry on as soon as we've got it fixed."

"No you won't," came back the reply. "You'll return to port and wait for the next convoy."

"All right," replied the old man, and he gave the Victory sign.

I WAS surprised that he took this order so meekly. Though he was small and birdlike in appearance, he wasn't at all a meek person. He didn't usually give a damn for orders. Throughout the Spanish Civil War he'd run the blockade and been constantly in and out of the government ports. He was reputed to have been a rum runner and arms smuggler in his younger days.

"That means another ten days or so in the Humber being blitzed every night and never getting a crack at 'em," said Jimmy. He felt the same way as I did.

"Och, who cares?" muttered Craig. "Ye'll get yer crack all in gude time."

It took us just on five hours to replace that bearing. As soon as I heard the engines going again I went out on deck. But it was dark as pitch. I'd no idea which way we were headed. I threaded my way among the tanks to the fo'c'sle. Several of the crew were in their bunks. They knew nothing. I tried the second mate's room, but he wasn't in it. I didn't dare bother the old man, so I went back to our quarters, which were in the after-deck housing, close to the gun.

As soon as I entered the cabin I knew

they'd had news. Jimmy was trying hard to hide the fact that he was bursting to tell me something, and even little Roberts showed signs of emotion.

"Oh, by the way," said Jimmy in an off-hand manner, "the first mate just dropped in. Wanted to see you—something about constant manning from a half-hour before first light."

"Come on, out with it," I said. "He wouldn't come right aft just to tell me that."

"All right. We're not putting back. We're headed east nor-east. The old man is going after the convoy. He wants us to keep our eyes skinned as we may get heavily attacked when they find we're astray."

I felt no nervousness about the decision—only excitement. We'd see some action now. I had no doubt about that. Jerry always picked on strays. We'd dropped out of a convoy once before. That was on the last lap of the Atlantic crossing in September, '40. The old *Cresta* had been nearly blown out of the water and we'd lost eight men and had half the deck-housing smashed to pieces.

Dawn found us huddled about the gun, ungainly-looking in our Mae Wests and steel helmets. Time passed slowly. The wind was northerly and it was very cold. The sky was grey and bitter, with cloud down to about four thousand feet. The sea was choppy and the white-caps were frosty white in the muddy-seeming water. There was snow about.

One by one we went in to get our breakfast. Time had (Continued on page 65)

Books: Reviewed by Noel Thompson

JUDGING by the sales of "The Thin Blue Line" there must be many thousands of people who will want to know what happened to its heroes, Tommy Halton, Henry Ireland, Paddy Tallard, Jock Riddell, Ginger Pleasanton, Kit Crockart and Hugh Claverley.

In "The Avengers" (Hutchinson, 7s. 6d.) Charles Graves satisfies that

wish by giving the adventures of the heroes after he left them, that is, after the Battle of Britain. Most of them fly new types of aeroplanes now, either in the stratosphere, or bomber-Hurricanes, Hudsons, Blenheims, Beaufighters, or the latest Spitfires. Once again he has been given every chance to look up records and make his facts authentic. The result is an exciting book that gives a very fine picture of the life in the R.A.F. as it really is. Perhaps there is a shade too

much of slang, and a shade too many facts, but then Charles Graves did not set out to write a novel, but to tell a story, or rather a series of stories, and in this he succeeds admirably. Best of

all I like Ginger's adventures in Africa, Egypt, Iraq and Greece. But there is first-class reading in the pilots' accounts of the low-level attack on Cologne by daylight (compare the Augsburg attack recently); of the fighter sweeps over France, and of stratosphere bombing

of Brest. And in every case the pilot, under the security of his pseudonym, gives his personal feelings. Once again the public can read, mark, learn and inwardly digest, and thoroughly enjoy the process.

A CONTRAST in style and matter is Michael Joseph's "The Sword in the Scabbard" (Michael Joseph, 10s. 6d.), for it deals with the army in England, who have had the hardest fight of all, that against boredom. In 1938 Michael Joseph, publisher, and an officer of the last war, astonished his friends by trying to rejoin the army. It was not till 1940 that he succeeded in volunteering, despite wirepulling, and being accepted.

He tells, with an almost too complete effacement of self, of his experiences as a company commander in the modern army, in training, and guarding the coast. It is a good tale, containing fair criticism without heat, and praise where it is due. Spit and polish methods and discipline in general are thoroughly dealt with, as are most facets of army life. Outstanding is the awful state of our unpreparedness both before and after Dunkirk, a state now well remedied by supplies and by training. Despite a tendency to repetition this book is well within the intelligence of certain army officers, and it might do many of them good to read it.

IN William Russell's "Berlin Embassy" (Michael Joseph, 8s. 6d.) you have a straightforward description, written by a clerk in the American Embassy, of the Germans at the beginning of the war. While the high-ups (Continued on page 54)

Youth and Age

DO not be misled by the title of this book, for it has nothing to do with paintings. "Young Art and Old Hector" (Faber and Faber, 8s. 6d.) is nevertheless an artistic bit of work. Neil M. Gunn has written about a young Scottish boy of eight, and his greatest friend, a crofter, about ten times that age. It sounds bald in the telling, but before you are a quarter way through this book, young Art, a lovable, human scamp, has become a real character. Through his eyes you see the rest of his family as they lead their simple life, and you get a wonderful picture of the country. This book tells of simple happenings. You will look in vain for thrills. But there is so much wisdom and quiet humour in it. One chapter, about the Highland Games, attended by Art for the first time, I read again for a second time the moment I had finished it, and would have read a third time, but the rest of the book beckoned me on.

Maybe I was in the mood for something played with the soft pedal. Its very simplicity is its charm, yet there is something more than charm here, almost a magic.



China Tea

The story of a Voyage in which the Japs took a Dose of Their Own Medicine

by George Stern

AH TAM came out of the galley, put his face solemnly over the side and sniffed.

"Makee fire," he said.

The first mate, sunning himself in the ship's one and only and very rickety deck chair, smiled indulgently.

"Makee what?"

"Makee fire," repeated Ah Tam.

"Good. Carry on, and makee dinner."

"No—plenty early for dinner, makee fire way out there!" and Ah Tam pointed to the horizon on the starboard bow.

"Now, now, Tam. Trying to pull my leg, eh? You get on and makee fire in galley."

Ah Tam looked disgusted.

"Fire in galley, no bleddy good," he said with contempt. "Coke—allee muck!"

"Let me tell you," said the mate severely, "that coke comes from His Majesty's dockyard, finest procurable; fit to chew that coke is!"

"Chew? What 'chew'?" said Ah Tam, puzzled.

"Chew! Eat! See? You no makee fire with coke then you eatee coke!" and the mate gave a fierce imitation if not of a fire eater, at any rate of a coke eater.

Ah Tam had a fine sense of humour and he understood.

"Savee," he said, and grinning from ear to ear he shuffled back into the galley.

The mate sank deeper in his chair, puffing contentedly at his pipe and musing on the nature of the Chinese. He'd handled men of nearly every race in his time and none pleased him better. Something of a philosopher himself, he greatly admired the stoic character of that people, especially in times when you never know what was coming next. Yet things were almost normal this trip, might as well have been no war on. Too quiet, mused the mate—much too quiet.

He sat up suddenly and scanned the horizon. Nothing to be seen. For they weren't in convoy, being the latest of their line, built for the refrigerated trade and able to show a stern light to anything that couldn't do sixteen knots. The mate felt comforted by these thoughts. Besides, they were as well armed as any freight afloat—and better than most. As well as their four-inch which had already bagged one sub, the old man, by that remarkable mixture of bullying and cajoling for which he was famed in three continents, had procured one of the new medium A.A. guns—a magnificent weapon for which even His Majesty's ships were having to wait; and at that particular moment he had just finished his inspection of the gun and its crew and was making his way towards where the mate was reclining.

"Morning, mister—er—" The old man never seemed able to remember his officers by name.

"Morning, sir—looks like a spell of fine weather at last."

The old man surveyed the sky and sea as if seeking confirmation.

"Can you smell anything, mister?" he rapped out suddenly, and before the mate could answer, Ah Tam had appeared.

"Yes-sir! Me tellm mate long time before—makee fire, way out there!" and he pointed dramatically over the rails.

"Smellm like oil," he went on, "maybe ship, maybe-tanker, byemby we see, eh?"

"How d'ye know it's an oil fire, Tam?"

Tam became suddenly subdued.

"I tell you an' claptain," he said quietly, "makee short storley long. B'fore war, me cook on Mellican ship—damn good food on Mellican ship," he added with a twinkle in his eye. "We lying San Flansisco get orders Shanghai, wellee good for me, I go see my mudder an' bludders no seen long time. We 'rive Shanghai and me pay-off—ole man vellee angly—me no care, make long journly, flive days up river—see plenty dirty bleddy blastard Japnee on way. Second day plenty smellm fire,

no see nothing only smell, byemby see plenty smoke all over sky. We go on, three, four, flive days; follow smell an' smoke an' 'rive my v'lage. Chineee Gov'ment make big oil tank in v'lage. Japnee planes come—bomb, bomb, bomb. Oil tank all burn, plenty smoke, plenty smell—all long time Chineee soldiers 'vacuate v'lage but not my mudder an' bludders, all Chineee

"Japnee commander pick woman—pick my mudder. She say she not know. I tell her no dlink! She no tell. Japnee say she dlink or—my mudder she dlink"





"I am afraid I do not know—the attack was so quick. I do not even know its nationality"

people stay in v'lage—they help to get in lice clop—"

"What crop?" chuckled the mate.

"R-r-rice clop," said Ah Tam with some effort—and not a little scorn at the interruption.

"Byemby Japnee maleens come, stay in v'lage, all tings quiet, all velly quiet. One morning two Japnee maleens—gone! Disappeared! Next morning two more Japnee maleens—gone again! Japnee commander, he call all people together, he take one man, 'Excuse please,' he say, 'where my maleens?' Chinese he say don't know. Japnee commander got big bottle gin. 'Have dlink,' he say, 'help you remember'—welly polite—Japnee commander—so Chinese he drink—next day—dead! Japnee commander he call v'lage again. He ask 'nother man. He say don't know. Makee him dlink gin. He die. Afterwards Japnee commander pick woman—pick my mudder. She say she not know. I tell her no dlink! She no tell. Japnee say

she dlink or—my mudder she dlink." Tam broke off his narrative for a brief moment but showed not the slightest emotion. "All time," he went on, "oil tank burn, plenty smoke, plenty smell. Byemby Japnee commander ask me 'Where my men?' but just den Chinese planes come. All Japnee lun quick, shelter; I no lun. I stay—I stay light where I am—byemby I 'scape go back Mellica, get nodder job—join dis ship."

He finished abruptly and shuffled back into the galley.

"Don't wonder he remembers the smell of burning oil, mister," said the old man. The mate agreed—a trifle irritably, for at the moment he was much more interested in his dinner, which he didn't consider should be delayed on account of any dead Japanese marines or Chinese villagers. Once the meal was started, however, he felt better. The soup was more than usually good and when he was but half-way through the fried steak (with onions) he realised that Tam had made a special

I l l u s t r a t e d . . . b y . . . S t e v e n . . . S p u r r i e r

effort. For ingratitude was not one of Tam's quite numerous faults and his tale of woe having been patiently listened to he took some delight in rewarding his audience. But the mate never finished the steak and onions; for the senior apprentice came clattering down to report smoke on the horizon, starboard bow.

"—and it doesn't look like ordinary smoke, sir," he added excitedly—he was a keen youngster, always hoping for trouble.

"Any information, mister?" rapped out the old man.

"I'll ask sparks, sir," said the mate, "but I don't think we're expecting to meet anything of ours."

"Sound 'stations'—no use taking risks."

The mate was on deck in two seconds—still thinking regretfully of his steak and onions—and from their various action stations the eyes of every one of the crew were glued on the faint blur of distant smoke. Glued with a tenseness that made the next few minutes seem like hours. At length the old man spoke, but without taking the binoculars from his eyes.

"Don't think she can be a raider, mister, or we'd have heard from her by now—we'll hold our course, until we can see a bit more."

"Very good, sir."

An hour passed and the blur of smoke became a column, another hour and the shape at the base of the column became clearer. There was no doubt what it was now. The old man altered course towards it and the ship began to bustle with rescue preparations.

"How many times have we done this now, mister?" he asked somewhat grimly.

"Better than having it done for us, sir."

"Aye, I suppose so—thank God for those seven knots—got the glasses?"

The old man studied the shape again intently.

"Pretty big tanker she is, mister—looks like one of her boats standing by—making towards us now I think—maybe we won't need our own."

THE old man was right and as dusk began to fall, bringing with it a chill breeze, the task of getting the boatload of survivors aboard commenced. But this time it was not so hard. The weather was good. A heavy swell was the only obstacle and most of the survivors seemed able to help themselves. Before long, some thirty squat silent yellow men stood, shivering a little, on the deck with five of their wounded comrades lying beside them. The last man to leave the boat scrambled over the rails, stood stiffly to attention and saluted the old man.

"Commander Kozuta—Japanese Navy," he said in perfect English. "I'm sorry to trouble you like this, but we were attacked by aircraft and half my crew were killed. We stayed near our ship hoping that the smoke would be seen. I am most grateful for your assistance. Perhaps you will be kind enough to do what you can for the injured men."

"What kind of plane was it, commander?"

"I am afraid I do not know—the attack was so quick. I do not even know its nationality."

The old man smiled, slowly, sarcastically, as he always did when he was very angry. But he held himself well in check.

"Very good, commander. We'll attend to the injured at once." The chief steward as well as, the mate was well skilled in first aid and both men were soon busy.



And there it was, in a corner at the back of the shelf, a half-full gin bottle, dusty, sticky, cobwebbed

The other survivors, in charge of the bos'n, began to file down below. The old man in spite of himself invited the commander to his own cabin and the ship's company dispersed to their respective duties. All save one. Standing stock still outside the galley door, Ah Tam, with grave, narrow eyes, had watched every incident from the moment the tanker had been sighted. So far, his services had not been needed, but byemby perhaps, byemby.

It was nearly dark now and very cold

and as the old man led his guest down the companion way his good nature began to assert itself again.

"Those men of yours, commander—must be a bit cold I'm thinking—"

"Yes, captain, we are strangers to these waters, being on a special mission—but we are used to privation so we—"

The old man cut him short.

"Pass the word for Ah Tam there!" he boomed, and the word was passed and Ah Tam came; shuffling along the deck, his thin overalls (Continued on page 59)

By Jane Gordon

What a bore people are who tell you how awful life is going to be after the war. "It will never be the same again," they bleat. Of course, our lives will be changed, but I cannot see why the prospect should create such despondency. People talk as if our pre-war life was perfect and we must give up all idea of fun after the war. It seems to me that the way we used to chase after our peacetime enjoyment ensured that we got only fifty per cent. of the fun that we should have had. Think of the amount of time we spent in hotels and restaurants crowded in with people we had never seen before and did not particularly wish to see again. Think of the time we wasted at cocktail parties drinking and talking with people we did not particularly care for. If we spend more time at home after the war, and see a few friends instead of a lot of acquaintances, I cannot imagine why this should be considered a great tragedy. It is not too much to hope that when we get back to peace we will be able to throw away identity cards, gas masks, ration books, points books, clothes coupons, and all the other tiresome bits and pieces with which we are cluttered up in wartime. This in itself would be great fun, and even the gloomiest pessimist surely looks forward with pleasure to the first night when the country is free of the black-out.

On duty and Off

"There's no harm in looking," said Sister, as we sauntered down Piccadilly and stopped by Fortnum and Mason's windows, where we saw any number of things that were easy on the eyes, even though many were hard on the pocket. There were neat handbags in square envelope shape in a fine canvas material costing no less than £5 10s. They are shown in charming colours—sulphur, henna, and periwinkle-blue, piped in a contrasting shade.

Oddly enough, the only inexpensive merchandise was the one that attracted me most. This was a breakfast tray-cloth in fine linen lawn, with two little napkins to match, priced at 11s. Across the centre of the tray-cloth was a cheerful "Good morning" embroidered in pale blue, peach, cherry, or jade-green. A set with a slightly larger tray-cloth cost 14s. 6d. I remembered that I had almost a yard of linen lawn left over from some pre-war sewing, and so we went on to The Needlewoman, where I bought three skeins of Clark's stranded cotton in lime-green, powder-blue, and Shocking pink for the sum of sixpence. If you have any pieces of linen, white or coloured, here is one good way of making use of them.

As we walked back through Grosvenor Street, I suggested that we should drop in at Aage Thaarup to see how hats are faring this summer. In spite of every difficulty imaginable, the models are just as gay and bright as they can be. We saw a pale-blue fancy straw with a square black crown and a large brim. The straw was split to form slats, through which a petersham ribbon had been threaded. Any pastel colour can be used for this particular hat. Then there was an exotic white straw with a very flat crown and a wide flat brim, both crown and brim being edged with navy-blue silk fringe. A tiny little hat was made almost entirely of the same silk fringe, with the crown belted by a navy, red, or white ribbon. A fine white straw was used again for another small tailored hat with a double brim, and a crazy black felt bird with a blue ribbon necklace flying off the crown. A bunch of jasmine was placed in the front of a rough straw hat the shape of a shallow toppler, tied up with a long black veil.

The little chemist round the corner has, I think, solved my stocking problem this summer. He has produced a small bottle of clear brown fluid labelled "Liquid stockings." This leaves the legs nicely tanned in appearance, and has the advantage of not coming off on your dress. The chemist tells me that he worked all last summer to perfect this preparation; and as far as I can tell, he has succeeded. This particular liquid stocking costs 1s. 6d. a small bottle, and washes off quite easily with soap and water.

As one of the original Home Guard wives, I am all for every leisured spinster from sixteen to sixty being conscripted into the women's Home Guard. I feel deeply on this matter, as I have been married to the Home Guard ever since it was called the L.D.V. (in fact, I feel I could compile quite a useful manual on hints to Home Guard wives). This would include such information as how to tell whether the hand-grenade on the mantelpiece is live or a dummy, and fashions in camouflage for steel helmets. An important section would include remedies for indigestion caused by the peculiar hours of parades, which necessitate eating the evening meal at any hour from the high tea to the late supper period.

When there is a call-out in the early hours of the morning, it is the Home Guard wife who is usually woken up first by the telephone bell; and if your own Home Guard is hard to awaken, you will find that a sponge full of cold water will rouse him quicker than anything else. If you are wise, you will also make it your business to keep a list by the telephone of the other Home Guards (usually two of them) who have to be telephoned. You might just as well telephone them yourself while your man is getting into uniform, as this saves time; and, in any case, the chances are that a mother or wife will answer, and you can trust her to get her man up.

At any hour from two to five o'clock in the morning when a man has been woken out of a deep sleep, it is well to make sure that he starts off with his respirator, check over his equipment, and ask whether he needs his steel helmet and other gadgets. So much equipment is issued to the Home Guards that unless this is collected together in one room or one cupboard, it's apt to get strewn about all over the house and lost at the most awkward moments.

Take a special interest in the boots. The chances are that he will only have one pair; and it takes ages to repair them. Usually it is better to plead with your own local shoemaker when repairs are necessary, rather than to rely on the Company repairs. Army boots are the best made and most comfortable in the world, and there is no excuse for your man being uncomfortable. See that he wears a thick pair of socks inside, and not the ordinary lounge-suit socks. You realise, of course, that in the event of invasion each Home Guard will have to leave his home with enough food, toilet necessities,

and clothing to last him for a few days. If you are wise you will earmark a small suit-case or kit-bag, or, if you have nothing better, an empty sandbag, and keep a list in this of the things which your man will need. They include the following: (Continued on page 55)

OFF DUTY

ON DUTY



The condition in which you keep your body is for the most part responsible for your personality, your success or failure, your popularity or your lack of it. Your character is your own (you were most likely born with it), but it is controlled by your mental reactions to your physical condition.

This is true in a pathetic degree with children who, being starved of essential nourishment when they are very young, grow up with a complete lack of initiative and energy. They cannot be expected to carve a spectacular career for themselves, cannot even be expected to drag themselves out of their rut of poverty,

remember that you may be suffering a nervous strain that is so subtle that you hardly notice its effects; you may be worrying about someone who is absent from you and perhaps in danger. Take a nerve tonic if this is the case.

Perhaps it is merely that you are not getting the right type of food—there are one or two excellent vitamin and mineral tonics that you should try if this is the problem—although at this time of year the change of diet you can get by switching over to uncooked salads and more fruits and green vegetables may be sufficient, plus a little invaluable sunshine and a lot of fresh air.

On the contrary, however, your heaviness of limb and mind may be due to a clogged system. You may have eaten heavy, starchy food well into the spring, and not be doing the physical work necessary to use up the starch taken. You may suffer from constipation, or be just generally in need of an internal spring cleaning.

In the first case, cut out starch now, and do the cleaning necessary to give your system a fresh start. Take an aperient once a week; keep to salads and avoid heavy foods; get your circulation racing by doing a few minutes' toning exercises each day. See that the blood circulating is good and cleansing by

HERE IS A GIRL

Brimming Over With Vitality

It's no secret. You too can be at the top of your form if you learn to look after your body

unless they have superhuman strength of will to drive them, and other strong incentives to lash them on.

Starve yourself for a couple of days, and see if you feel like beating the world for energy. If you are ever in contact with anyone who is on a stringent slimming diet, you will agree that the process is not a cheering one to dieter or companion.

In the same way, an overfed body will become liverish and ill-tempered if the additional nutriment cannot be coped with by the body.

So if you want to be fair to your personality, and to those who constantly come in contact with your personality, see that you keep your body in good order.

The first essential is rest and nutriment. You can feel fagged out from overwork (and work, companions and self all suffer if you are unwise enough to think overwork is a great achievement), and you can feel waves of inertia through lack of nutriment. If you are overworking, try to get more rest, to get a good sound sleep each night, learn to relax in every spare second of your time. Take a building tonic—there are some very good, reliable ones still obtainable.

If, on the other hand, you can see no reason why you should feel so exhausted,

taking a blood purifier, drinking water, between meals and breathing in as much fresh air as possible during the day.

If you find it helpful, take a glass of effervescing fruit salts every morning on rising. Green vegetables and salads are good for blood, and especially lightly cooked spinach and watercress salad.

If it is a case of constipation, all the cleansing described in the above paragraph is necessary, but be more particular about your aperient. Consult your doctor in regard to the one that will suit you best, because chronic constipation can be caused by numerous physical conditions, and a large dose of evacuant may do more harm than good.

The water, salads and health-diet can only help. You will know if you have bad digestion—and if so, get down to the business of clearing it up before it becomes chronic and dangerous.

Remember that toning exercises are cleansing, working body poisons out of the pores of the skin. If it is possible, do ten minutes' exercise, have a hot shower or bath, then a cold shower. It will make you feel like taking on the world at fisticuffs—but in too happy a frame of mind to use your energies in any fisticuffs except those essentially necessary to win this war.

*I*t is impossible to blazon your way through life with vitality banners flying unless you keep your body healthy inside, and see that stomach, liver and other important organs are all functioning properly; that you are getting enough nutriment and sleep to keep your energies going; that your whole system is not being clogged with the wrong foods or bad elimination.

You cannot radiate happiness and good humour if your liver is out of order and your system being flooded with bile. A digestive system struggling with a particularly undigestible repast will completely overshadow your usual companionable mood. Minor internal disorders can be personality poisoners.

	Massage 1. Starting from the salt-cellar, describe a series of circular massage movements up the centre neck, then out under the chin, finishing behind the lobes of the ears. 2. Start from the same centre (salt-cellar) and work directly to the finishing point in a series of circular massage movements.	Exercises Shoulders down, let head roll around loosely in complete circle. Repeat with neck muscles tense. Slap tonic lotions in after exercises. Chin over left shoulder, drop head till chin touches shoulder. Head heavy, swing chin over to right shoulder, chin describing semi-circle on chest. Chin upright, turn head back to left. Repeat alternating sides.	Remarks Facial contours have never been more important. Glamour make-ups are cut down, and the natural line of beauty, with its smooth grooming, is the aim of nearly every woman to-day. You may, if over thirty-five yourself, say that perfect contours are the gift of the very young. You will be wrong. A young face can be as "puddingy" as an older face can be saggy. Both will not look their best until they have been reinforced by the loss of baby fat in the case of the "pudding," and by massage and exercise for the older face.
	3. With chin gripped between first and second finger-sides, draw hand earwards, second finger massaging in a line under chin, first finger in a line above chin. Finish above and below ear. Repeat with left and right hands alternately. 4. Massage around mouth in upward direction, starting under bottom lip, ending above centre top lip.	Keeping shoulders straight, turn head until chin is over left shoulder. Nod head five times. Drop chin on to shoulder, roll head and chin to right side, lift chin and repeat noddings. Filling mouth with air, lips tightly shut, move air from side to side, from under top to bottom lip. Watch in mirror.	Do not worry, Baby-face. Yours is an all-too-soon-solved problem: a very few years and you will find your cheeks showing their modelling, and your chin losing its bubble of a double chin, but it will not hurt for you to aid the chin on its way by doing neck and chin exercises.
	5. With finger-tips of either hand, start at mouth corners and work earwards in a series of circular massage movements under cheek muscles, ending in front of ear. Slightly greater pressure can be given on actual muscles. 6. Same as 1, only starting-point is just below nostrils, and line goes across cheek muscles to front of ear.	Dropping lower jaw and letting mouth fall open, do a series of chewing movements, first quickly and then slowly. Repeat above exercise, keeping mouth shut all the time. Try to avoid creasing any lines towards the eyes while doing these two exercises.	For the face with sagging contours, however, there is need of immediate care. Every preparation, whether it is cleansing cream or skin food, should be applied in massage movements, and the skin food should be well massaged in regularly.
	7. With fourth finger of each hand, massage very gently around eyes, working away from nose over top lid and towards nose under bottom lid. Pause, with finger-tips slightly increasing pressure, at each temple as you pass. 8. With finger-tips of each hand describe a series of circular massage movements from centre eyebrows to temples.	Roll your eyes, first looking as high as possible, then to left, then as downwards as possible, then to right. Repeat, rolling them easily and not straining. Repeat in opposite direction. Look as far to the left as possible, then flash your eyes to the right, looking as far right as possible. Repeat to alternate sides.	Some tissues need only a gentle finger-pressure massage and no exercises; others need deeper, muscle-stimulating massage and strengthening exercises; but persistency is the only way to accomplish any worth-while results. It is useless to start to-day if you are not determined to carry on to-morrow. You will want to keep the flesh and skin firm over your contours, so do not get the warm-water-wash habit, as a face constantly used to hot water will not have the youthful firmness of a face stimulated and invigorated by cold splashes. Above all, start all your exercise and face treatments from the base of the neck. You can look young in the face, but if your neck does not repeat the story, your age will find you out.

Morale Sustainers



Natural straw, with a near-Breton line, the crown tied with a black velvet band. The face is flattered by black net, pleating beneath the brim, then merging into a snood, held at the bottom by a dear little black velvet bow. *Age Thaurup.*



This hat makes women go dewy-eyed, makes men look again at the face beneath it. It is a mere twist of straw lace, upholding a confection of pink, white and plum fruit, flowers and velvet ribbon, put together by a master mind. *Thawel and Pany.*



A mass of white narcissi rests crisply on a flat green rush straw, lightly enmeshed in a yellowy-green veiling which bunches up at one side, then floats in the breeze. *Age Thaurup.*



The tailored hat, in a coarse tan straw, with a new chic line. Black grosgrain is threaded through the crown, drops at the side in a triple bow. *Evik.*



A tiny white coarse straw with a highish crown and a slightly turned-up brim tilts back in front above the left eyebrow to make way for a large bow of stiff black ribbon, holding in its centre a deep red rose. *Erik.*



This featherweight persimmon felt toque has pinky beige sash ends which could be worn loose or, more sophisticated, swathe round, hiding hair and ears and tie in front. *Pissot and Pavy.*



The new Austerity clothes, complying with Board of Trade regulations in regard to cut and trim, will save yet more material, yet more labour. While bemoaning the loss of such honeys as the all-round pleated skirt and the four-pocketed suit jacket, we know that subtraction in dress is almost always better than addition. Little good has come out of this war, but on the credit side please record the all-round improvement in women's taste in clothes. The women still in civil life are relying on a good idea, good cut, and outstanding detail.

The clothes on this page strictly obey all the new Board of Trade rules, but lose nothing in style and appearance by so doing. No paper patterns are available for these designs, but most good dressmakers or tailors could copy them from sight. 1. This shows how a striped fabric, used horizontally at strategical spots, makes its own trimming in a tailored suit. 2. A suit-like dress with the skirt joining at a low thigh line. (Or it could be a separate skirt and top for interchangeability.) Self bows, a slight drape at the cross-over throat, and the shaped basque cut give it personality. 3. A perfect all-season coat with a good roll collar, and a slightly wrap-over front fastening with four outside buttons. 4. Grey and white spotted rayon cut in a pretty sweater line, a graceful cross-over neck, slight front skirt fullness. 5. Over a dead simple black frock wear a pale-pink tweed jacket, cut close to the figure, with three-quarter sleeves taking long, wrinkly gloves, and who'll know you from Rosalind Russell? 6. Every woman's buddy, the neat shirt-waister, with open collar and revers, an inverted pleat front and back of the skirt.



Hold a Mirror to Your Conscience



There are two ways of looking at yourself in the mirror. One way reflects what you wish to see, the other shows you what is really there.

The habit of self-deception is a common complaint. It is a complaint that this war has caused to spread like a bush fire. There never were such times for people going around pretending to themselves that things are what they are not, that they are themselves what they would like to be, rather than what they actually are.

If only somebody would invent a mirror which would show us ourselves clean through as we really are: what a difference it would make to the war effort.

For a start, a lot of people who pride themselves on their honest devotion to the national cause would see in the conscience mirror that fiddling with clothes coupons cannot be justified by any moral standards.

It is the easiest thing in the world to tell yourself that if somebody you know is not using up his quota, you have the right to help him out, but it isn't ethical.

The Government has ruled, in the national interest, that each person shall be limited to a prescribed quantity of clothing. If we exceed that amount, we are cheating; breaking the law, sabotaging the war effort. Sorry, but it is so.

The same, of course, applies to food. Being normal human beings and not archangels, we are all, in different measure, inclined to argue that among twelve million people, a little extra of this or that for ourselves cannot make much difference. The unpalatable fact is, however, that it *does* make a difference. It makes a big difference when several million people are reasoning along the same lines. In any case, there are no subtle distinctions between right and wrong, and, with the issues as big as they are to-day, food-fiddling is wrong.

All of this is a little apt to make you feel that moral standards are climbing too high for the ordinary human being, yet it is not so difficult when you face the issue squarely. Most small acts of sabotage are committed in sheer heedlessness by people who would cheerfully

make the most staggering sacrifices if the issue was clear to them.

Mistaken reasoning is at the bottom of a lot of ill-doing in this war. For instance, about salvage, plenty of people are still saying "Why should I bother to save tins and a few scraps of paper when there is so much official waste? Look at those iron railings up the street. Let them collect those before they bother me to salvage my old tins."

Well, perhaps there is some official waste, and there are plenty of iron railings still to be collected, but what we have to ask ourselves is this: "Do we want to help the war effort or do we not? If we do, other people's shortcomings won't stop us."

Minding your own business was always a good idea. In this war it is a better idea than ever. If every man and woman were to make a point of seeing that things were going well inside the small circle for which he or she is personally responsible—never mind what's going on in somebody else's circle—there would be a finer record of achievement all round.

Of course you are bored with hearing so much about sacrifice. Wherever you go somebody is nagging you about salvage, about not spending money, about not travelling and not buying any *fal-de-rals*. It is monotonous, and it does have the effect, to some extent, of putting you on the defensive.

You begin to feel like the boy who has been caught in the apple orchard every time you buy a new pair of silk stockings or get yourself a good face massage.

This is all to the good. The more your conscience troubles you, the better, so long as you allow it to speak effectually, and don't smother it entirely or stifle it with meaningless evasions.

We can't all be in the Services. We can't all make munitions or be Red Cross nurses. Plenty of us, for various reasons, cannot even leave the shelter of our own homes to do an outright job of work towards winning the war. But every woman in this country can go through the war with her head held high in the knowledge that, within her scope, she has given of her best, and that to the noble sacrifices which have been made, she can at least offer the tribute of a clear conscience.

CUT OUT



EARLY-MORNING TEA. The whole point of it is that it walks in and wakes you. If you have to make it yourself—even with an electric kettle at the bedside—it only wastes time better spent in getting breakfast, and creates more washing-up.

MORNING BATH. Leave the bathroom to husband and/or children in the mornings while you make breakfast. Have your bath at night and use it as your beauty half-hour (sorely needed) for hair setting, manicure, massage, creaming face, relaxing.

COOKING FOR BREAKFAST. That is, cut out what was once the bacon-and-egg course, substituting fruit, or lettuce, radishes, watercress, paste perhaps, but nothing that needs cooking and preferably something that can be eaten off the bread-and-butter plates to save washing-up. Have porridge as mainstay, making several days' supply in advance, so that it only has to be heated in the mornings.

LABORIOUS BATH CLEANING by keeping a bath brush by the bath, and commanding all members of the household to deal with their own high water-marks as the water runs out, before the soap curds have had time to stick.

SILVER CLEANING by pouring a little potato water over the clean spoons and forks before putting them on the table, rubbing with a dry cloth. This gives them an excellent shine. When washing up, dry while still hot, and rub with chamois leather as you put them away. Put away, for the duration, all silver ornaments and things not in actual use, or which need not be in use.

FRILLS AND FURBELOWS on the children's clothes. Let all their summer dresses be plain and very easily washed and ironed. Apply the same simplifying process as far as possible to your own summer blouses and dresses. Bib-and-brace suits for yourself and the children will help to this end.

DOING WITHOUT SERVANTS

CUT DOWN

FATIGUE by sitting at the table for such jobs as preparing vegetables, sieving, rubbing fat into flour. Sit on a high stool (or box placed on an ordinary chair) for ironing. Plan housework to save journeys upstairs. Never go upstairs or down without something in your hand. Keep a duster in every room, scouring powder at every sink and basin, comb and powder-puff downstairs as well as up.

WASHING-UP by distinguishing between hygiene and habit. Saucers don't always need washing. The few crumbs on cake plates can be brushed off with a glass-cloth. Cook in dishes which can be served on the table. Cook two or three vegetables together in same pan. Well-softened washing-up water makes the whole job easier and more pleasant. Allow soda a few minutes for its softening action to take place before adding soap powder (if you must) or putting in dishes.

COOKING by having more salads, serving more vegetables grated or shredded raw. Concentrate on one main meal a day—lunch, where there are children—and prepare dishes for supper at same time (or for lunch the next day, if main meal is evening dinner). Have one cake-and-pastry morning a week. Always have a soup going, throwing all bones, meat trimmings, milk rinsings, vegetable water, outside leaves, bacon rinds, into the stockpot.

TABLE-LAYING by keeping peppers and salts, napkins, mats, etc., together on a tray or box-lid in the side-board cupboard, so that they can be brought out together. Lay only the implements which will actually be needed, abandoning the conventional regalia. If there are only two or three of you, have a tray for each meal on the pantry shelf, on to which you put the necessary items as you wash them up after preceding meals, ready to take into the dining-room.

DUSTING by going through the house and gleaning it of every object that you don't actually use (or needn't use with a little re-planning), and every ornament not essential to the appearance of the rooms. You will miss them at first, but not for long. Put things away *directly* after use. "A place for everything and everything in its place" is the family rule that helps the housewife more than any labour-saving device.



When The Time

A lot of us will come out of this war with different ideas from those with which we went into it. A year or two normally serves to change the outlook and broaden the viewpoint, even to revise tastes, but a period so packed with emotional experience as the war years have been must make a deeper impression than we yet realise.

Already some of us are looking back to the pre-war days with a feeling of detachment from things which, at the time, seemed very important. Life has changed and may yet change a good deal more before we begin again in an atmosphere of tranquillity.

When that time comes women everywhere will be starting new homes and reconditioning the old ones with tastes and inclinations remodelled by experience and refreshed by long separation from the things which are dearest to the feminine heart.

How shall we react to the task? How will the war years reflect themselves in the new homes of England? What, for instance, do you expect will be your own reactions to the task of creating a new home? How do you visualise it now?

Perhaps if the war years have been really tough, if you have become accustomed to a Service life of austerity, where everything is designed for simplicity and practical utility, you will instinctively lean towards the type of furnishing that is commonly called modern, the simple, functional style which is easiest to maintain and yet, in the best of senses, a place of comfort and relaxation.

If, on the other hand, the war years have had the effect of enhancing your appreciation of the more gracious, the traditional things of the world, you may want to go all out for a romantic scheme of furnishing in your home. You will yearn to recapture the past and to surround yourself with an atmosphere that most aptly expresses all that is opposed to austerity.

Our pictures show, on the one hand, the modern, functional type of decoration and, on the other, the traditional. Neither of the examples shown may exactly reflect your own needs. It does not matter. They are atmospheric. Each speaks for a mode and, as such, may help to suggest where your own inclinations lie.

It is reasonably certain that post-war conditions will make the functional type of

furnishing a good proposition in many ways. The servant problem, which, incidentally, began with the last war, threatens to become chronic after this one. Women can expect to be doing their own housework, or at least a good deal of it, for a very long time to come. Therefore the type of decoration and furnishing which best adapts itself to these conditions is sure to find favour.

This means simplicity, though not necessarily austerity. There was, even before this war, a strong reaction to the mechanised design of the earliest modern phase, and the return swing of the pendulum is likely to go still further. Whatever our practical requirements after the war may be, the inevitable reaction to austerity will save us from a repetition of the steel-tube era.

New furniture, we can be certain, will be simple for a long time after the war. Materials will not come back into circulation so soon or so easily that designers can be as profligate of decoration as they were. We shall depend more and more



A traditional bedroom scheme in which a few pieces of antique furniture are offset by a background of painted panelling. The lovely serpentine-fronted chest and the sofa-table are displayed against their simple background with perfect taste.

(Left) An interior which exemplifies the charm with which the modern and the traditional can be blended into a unified whole. A traditional fabric covers the sofa; a Victorian table, an antique chair and a few telling details are set side by side with a modern radiogram.

Opposite is a modern scheme with the sideboard built in against white walls and topped with dark blue glass. The curtain treatment is carried out in pale blue with a white design, and the softly curved settee which breaks up the window space is off-white to match the carpet. Doris Howard Robertson, A.R.I.B.A.

Furniture built in around the walls conserves space in this bedroom, where the functional character of the fittings is aptly foiled by the frivolous drapery at the windows. These are reflected again in a deep, unframed mirror which flanks the luxurious divan bed.

By Winifred Lewis

Comes . . .

upon the novelty of colouring, the selection of accessories and intelligent display to give the character of importance to simple outlines.

If we take the best examples of pre-war decoration as a guide there is plenty to encourage the belief that the new furnishing schemes will not be lacking in distinction, however simple they may be in fundamentals. It is worth noting that a strong element of the traditional had before the war already crept into modern design, imparting a more subtle



furnishing is too uncompromising to be modified with success, but you can marry a classic window treatment to a discreetly-blended scheme of modern and period furniture with interesting effect.

Modern easy chairs have become a necessity of comfort. You can use them and still indulge your taste for the classic with an Adam's side table, Chippendale bureau or bookcase, and complete the scheme with fabrics which reproduce the classic designs.

The same applies in bedroom furnishing. A modern luxury divan bed is a concession to comfort, but a traditional scheme can be built up even though the room has certain modern features.

In the bedroom photographed on the left-hand page the beds are modern though brought into line with the period character of the scheme with bedheads upholstered in rose damask.

Antique furniture will not be inexpensive after this war but its beauty is so pervading that one piece will give character to a room if it is well displayed.

Reproductions of the antique are always obtainable and though a few lovers of traditional furniture may shrink from using copies there will be many who rejoice that the reproduction opens up a vista of beauty which would otherwise be closed to them.



character to functionalism. Colouring had toned down from shrill contrasts to muted harmonies, stimulating still, but shorn of eccentricity.

The angular character of the earliest modern furniture has given way to softly rounded curves. Stark simplicity has made way for soft ornamentation. This is expressed in the grouping of pictures, in flower arrangements that lean towards the sentimental and in a careful co-ordination of detail which builds up a character of dignity.

On the side of period furnishing there is a wide choice, but one is bound to be influenced by individual circumstances. The type of house you live in will help to dictate your choice between the robust but lovable early English style of the Windsor chair and heavy oak, or the more elegant styles of a later period.

It is a fact, however, that the classic periods are the most likely to be popularly favoured when the time for homemaking comes again.

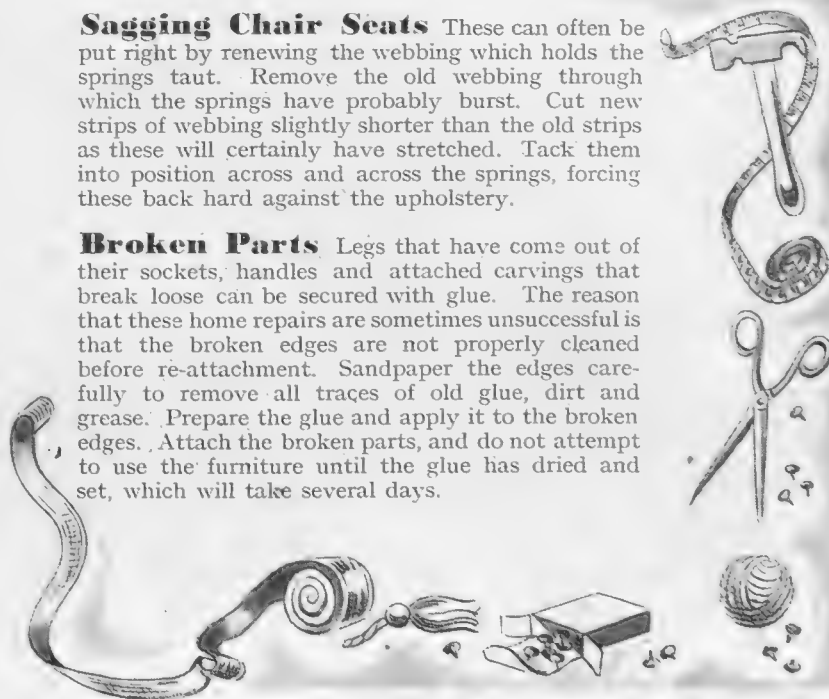
The lovely Regency and Queen Anne interiors with their delicately beautiful colouring, their elegantly festooned window treatments, the exquisitely graceful furniture has a lighthearted character that conforms to the modern mood.

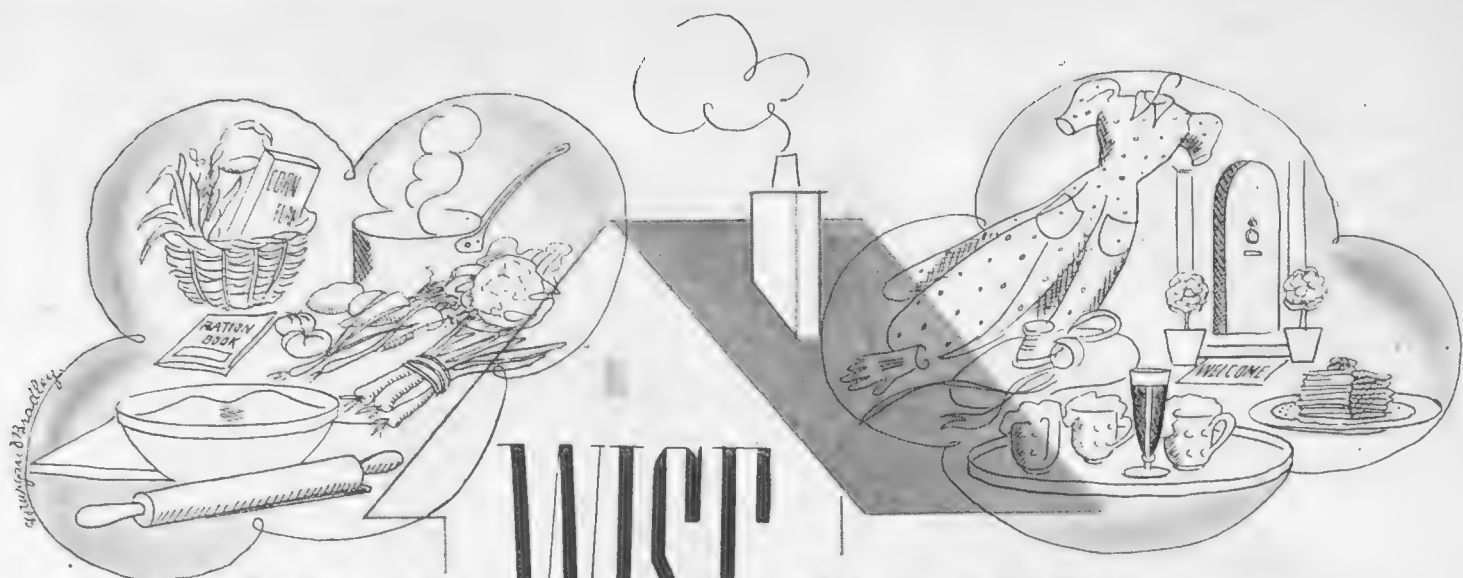
It is also true of these lovely interiors that they can be easily modified and adapted to modern needs.

A Jacobean or, in fact, an early English style of

Sagging Chair Seats These can often be put right by renewing the webbing which holds the springs taut. Remove the old webbing through which the springs have probably burst. Cut new strips of webbing slightly shorter than the old strips as these will certainly have stretched. Tack them into position across and across the springs, forcing these back hard against the upholstery.

Broken Parts Legs that have come out of their sockets, handles and attached carvings that break loose can be secured with glue. The reason that these home repairs are sometimes unsuccessful is that the broken edges are not properly cleaned before re-attachment. Sandpaper the edges carefully to remove all traces of old glue, dirt and grease. Prepare the glue and apply it to the broken edges. Attach the broken parts, and do not attempt to use the furniture until the glue has dried and set, which will take several days.





IT'S A WISE WOMAN . . .

The war has shown the wise woman that there is always something new to be learned about home making. Modern, but pre-war methods of cooking, cleaning and house priming were all very well when the world was spinning one way. To-day they don't apply any more.

So it is a wise woman who has learned how to adjust her home making theories and put them into wartime practice.

She has realised that a superficial knowledge of cookery, housekeeping, catering, and entertaining is not enough. Even though she is run off her feet—as most of us are—she knows it pays to take trouble to do the simplest things correctly, whether it is boiling potatoes or entertaining the local soldiery.

The wise woman takes pains about detail, sees that, for all its austerity, the food that comes to table is the best of its kind, prepared so that every ounce of its goodness is utilised. Instead of moaning about the delicious food of the easy old days, she sees that the food served to-day is still attractive, is never monotonous.

Even before the war the most expert housekeeper knew that an economic shopping technique went further than just calling up the stores. This, of course, is truer than ever now that personal contact between housewife and tradesmen is practically an essential.

Shopkeepers have their own great difficulties, and they appreciate the type of shopper who is sympathetic of this and who will co-operate.

For most of us the average day-to-day existence is fairly arduous. That is why the wise woman takes careful thought for every means of conserving energy.

It can be done in a dozen ways around the house, in social life, in every sphere of activity. The chances are even that she is doing without domestic help. This means working out a foolproof, timeproof schedule, so that the day runs smoothly and efficiently, leaving her, at its end, with a satisfying sense of achievement.

Working to a time-table sounds monotonous, but it does have the merit of simplifying routine. It ends running here and there about the house on superfluous errands. It prevents frittering time and precious energy. It also reduces household tasks to the essential minimum.

No wise woman to-day ignores the smallest measures to save herself work and money in housekeeping. Meals are served in the kitchen. Every room in the house which is not absolutely needful to comfort is closed.

Entertaining goes on, of course. Wise women realise that social contacts are essential in many practical ways, but all attempts at showing off are abandoned and entertaining is not allowed to impose any needless strain upon the household or any of its resources.

Invitations are simple and direct. *"We should love to have you. It is only a picnic, but we don't think you'll mind."* No spread, no apologies; beer and sandwiches takes the place of cocktails, wines and three courses.

What is most to the point, there is no going without on the part of the family to make more show to the guests.

The wise woman conducts her wartime social life very circumspectly. Without being in the least mercenary you can say that there is no time just now for unprofitable contacts. Profitable, in this instance, means gain in the sense of intellectual and social stimulus.

None of us can afford to waste time now on acquaintances who are not one with us in ideas and outlook. The wise woman limits her friends to those who have the same aims, who travel the same road, who see things with the same eyes. This, more than any other thing, makes for mutual achievement.

With the national need for vital, healthy women, fundamental care for looks and appearance is another duty of the wise woman.

The daily hair-brushing, the careful skin cleansing and nourishing, the morning exercises, the regular visits to the dentist, the sustained attention to clothing, all have their part in a wise woman's busy day. She knows that clothes need nursing. Shoes are kept on trees, when not in use. Gloves are pulled into shape and laid carefully away. Hats are kept in a special box and eternally brushed and groomed. Stockings are washed after each wearing.

It is a wise woman indeed who knows that to be a hundred per cent successful to-day as a home maker and as a woman, you have to give one hundred per cent concentration to the job.

COMPENSATIONS

Getting a thrill from the gift of a package of hairpins, a couple of country eggs or a bunch of onions.

Being perpetually on a flesh-reducing diet without the torturing knowledge that your friends are living on the fat of the land.

Walking out with a young man who, ordinarily, would not have caused remark but who now, with wings on his tunic, draws envious glances from all the girls.

Meeting a lot of people and seeing a lot of places that nothing but a war could possibly have brought your way.

Learning how very much you underestimated some people and how equally much you overestimated some others.

Being able to ride from Holborn to Marble Arch in ten minutes. No traffic blocks.

Learning how to make a slap-up meal out of a few potatoes and some cabbage soup when before the war you couldn't even boil a potato.

Dance music on the Sunday radio and cinemas open in districts where every Sabbath was just like a day of mourning.



Waistcoat And Shirt-Dickey

MATERIALS

5 oz. Copley Smith's Excelsior 3-ply in plum for waistcoat; 3 oz. of the same wool in pale blue for dickey; No. 9 needles; 4 pale blue buttons and 9 plum buttons.

MEASUREMENTS

Round bust, 34 ins.; length, 20 ins.; sleeve seam, 4 ins.

TENSION

8 sts. and 10 rows to 1 in.

THE BACK

With plum wool, cast on 108 sts. Work the following rib:

1st row. * K. 3, p. 2; rep. from * to end, ending k. 3.
2nd row. * P. 3, k. 2; rep. from * to end, ending p. 3.
 Rep. these 2 rows. **5th row.** * Sl. 1 (knitwise), k. 2, push left needle into front loop of sl.st. from left to right and finish knitting it as usual, p. 2. Rep. from * to end.
6th row. As 2nd. Rep. these 6 rows throughout.

When there are 4 ins. worked, m. 1 st. at beg. and end of every 4th row until there are 142 sts. Work straight until side seams are 13 ins. K. 2 tog. at beg. and end of every row until there are 108 sts. Work straight until armholes are 8 ins. round curve. Cast off 7 sts. at beg. of next 10 rows, leaving 38 sts. Cast off.

THE RIGHT FRONT

Cast on 53 sts. with plum. Work the patt. for 4 ins. M. 1 st. at left edge of work (right side facing) on every 4th row until there are 17 increases. Work straight until there are 13 ins. along side seam. K. 2 tog. on armhole edge on next and every row for 3 ins. round armhole. K. 2 tog. at centre edge on every other row until further notice. When there are 19 decreases at armhole, continue neck dec. until there are 38 sts. Now dec. every other row until there are 35 sts. Work straight until armholes are 8 ins. round curve. Cast off 7 sts. at armhole edge on every other row until there are no sts. left.

(Continued on page 58)

Lacy, With A Bosom Drape



MATERIALS

6 oz. Sirdar 2-ply Super Shetland Wool; No. 9 needles; 4 press studs.

MEASUREMENTS

Round bust, 34 ins.; length, 20 ins.; sleeve seam, 15 ins. (before gathering and hemming).

TENSION

7½ sts. and 11 rows to 1 in.

THE FRONT

Cast on 101 sts. Work 1 row k., then work patt. (p. side is right side):—

1st row. Sl. 1 (purlwise), wl. rd. (making one), p. 2 tog., p. 7; rep. from * to end, ending p. 1. **2nd row** (and all alternate rows). K. **3rd row.** Sl. 1, * p. 1, wl. rd., p. 2 tog., p. 6; rep. from * to end, ending p. 1. **5th row.** Sl. 1, * p. 2, wl. rd., p. 2 tog., p. 5; rep. from * to the last st., p. 1. **7th row.** Sl. 1, * p. 3, wl. rd., p. 2 tog., p. 4; rep. from * to the last st., p. 1. **9th row.** Sl. 1, * p. 7, p. 2 tog., wl. rd.; rep. from * to the last st., wl. rd., p. 1. **11th row.** Sl. 1, * p. 6, p. 2 tog., wl. rd., p. 1; rep. from * to the last st., p. 1. **13th row.** Sl. 1, * p. 5, p. 2 tog., wl. rd., p. 2; rep. from * to the last st., p. 1. **15th row.** Sl. 1, * p. 4, p. 2 tog., wl. rd., p. 3; rep. from * to the last st., wl. rd., p. 1. Work 16th row to complete patt.

When there are 5 ins. worked, m. 1 st. at beg. and end of next and every 4th row until there are 127 sts. (working all the extra sts. in st.st. and starting patt. and ending it at same place). Work straight until side seams are 15 ins. K. 2 tog. at beg. and end of every row until there are 101 sts. again. Work straight until armholes are 8 ins. round curve. Cast off 8 sts. at beg. of every row 8 times, leaving 37 sts. Work 4 rows k. Cast off.

(Continued on page 58)

ABBREVIATIONS:

K. = knit; p. = purl; m. = make; s. = slip; st. = stitch or stitches; tog. = together; beg. = beginning; wl. fwd. = wool forward; wl. rd. = wool around.

Fresh Fruit, New Vegetables

What More



ADAM'S SOUP

- | | |
|---------------------------------------|---------------------------|
| $\frac{1}{4}$ lb. each of green peas, | Outside lettuce leaves or |
| broad beans, spinach; | cabbage; |
| 2 young turnips and 2 | A little fresh mint; |
| young carrots; | $1\frac{1}{2}$ oz. rice; |
| 3 or 4 spring onions; | 2 pints vegetable water; |
| | Salt and pepper. |

Shell peas. If broad beans are very young, they can be strung and sliced like runner beans. If not, shell them in the ordinary way. Scrape and cut in cubes the carrots and turnips, shred the greens and chop the onions (tops included). Wash the rice.

Bring the vegetable water to the boil and add the rice and vegetables all together. Boil until the vegetables are cooked (about twenty minutes). Add salt and pepper, and take out mint before serving.

PEAPOD SOUP

- | | |
|---------------------------|-----------------------------|
| Pods left from shelling 2 | $1\frac{1}{2}$ pints water; |
| lb. peas; | $\frac{1}{2}$ pint milk; |
| A handful of the peas; | Chopped mint (about a |
| Outside lettuce leaves; | teaspoonful); |
| 2 or 3 spring onions; | Salt and pepper. |

Have water boiling and put in pea-pods, which you have washed well. Add the peas, onions (chopped, with green part), and lettuce, and season with salt and pepper. Boil about thirty minutes, then pass through a sieve. Blend cornflour smoothly with a little milk and add with rest of milk to soup. Boil again for three or four minutes, and sprinkle chopped mint over before serving.

CAULIFLOWER CHEESE FLAN

Pastry Filling

- | | |
|---------------------------------|---------------------------------------|
| 4 oz. National flour; | $\frac{1}{2}$ pint thick white sauce; |
| 2 oz. mashed potato; | 2 tablespoonfuls grated |
| $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoonful salt; | cheese; |
| 1 oz. margarine or other | 1 cauliflower; |
| fat; | Breadcrumbs; |
| Water to mix. | Salt and pepper. |

Rub fat into flour, adding salt; next rub in the potato, which should be as dry and floury as possible, until there are no lumps. Add water to make a dough. Knead on a floured board till free from cracks, roll out to a diameter about one inch more than that of the flour ring or sandwich-tin you have ready greased. Line the tin with pastry, pressing close to the sides, fill in with stale bread crusts to keep its shape and bake fifteen minutes in the hottest part of a hot oven (450 degrees, or Regulo 7). Remove crusts and return pastry to oven to cook the inside part. Chop up the stalks of the cauliflower (discarding the coarsest outside ones), break flower into branches and cook all together in a very little salted water. Heat the sauce and add cheese, stirring till smooth. Drain the cauliflower, and add

Pre-war June was the month of roses. Now its principal charm is that it's the month of new potatoes, green peas, early cauliflowers, asparagus, broad beans, lettuces, strawberries and cherries.

It would be an insult to the good fresh fruit—such as we can get, for Lord Woolton is diverting much of it to the jam factories—to suggest ways of cooking it. Eat it neat. I have just two tips—a dash of vinegar in the strawberries brings out their bouquet and reduces the sugar needed, and cherries are at their best if you can spare a few cubes of ice to pile them on in their bowl.

To take the place of the chutney you may not be able to get, try a purée of green gooseberries with fish or meat, remembering that if you add a level teaspoonful of bicarbonate of soda to the pound of fruit before cooking, you will effect a handsome saving on the sugar you put in at the end of the process.

Delicately flavoured summer vegetables are too often overcooked, thereby losing all their youthful charms of taste and colour.

to the cheese sauce. If sauce seems too thick, thin it down with the water from the cauliflower. Put into flan case, add pepper, sprinkle crumbs over and heat in the oven till lightly browned.

FISH AUX PETITS POIS

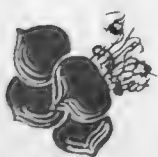
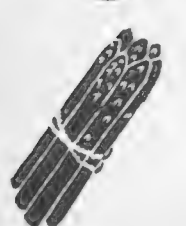
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| 1 pint green peas (cooked); | $\frac{1}{2}$ pint white sauce; |
| $\frac{1}{2}$ pint cooked flaked fish; | Salt and pepper; |
| | Wheatmeal toast. |

Make sauce with half a pint mixed milk and vegetable water, one tablespoonful flour and a little fat. Mix fish with peas, season, and combine with sauce. Heat up and pile on hot toast, which should be spread with anchovy paste if you can get it.

CORNY HASH WITH PARSLEY SALAD

- | | |
|----------------------------|----------------------------|
| 2 tablespoonfuls fat; | 1 cup cooked beetroot |
| 1 cup corned beef (diced); | (diced); |
| 3 cups boiled potatoes | 6 spring onions (chopped); |
| (diced); | Salt and pepper. |

Heat the fat in a frying-pan and mix the rest of the ingredients together, seasoning to taste. Spread the mixture over bottom of the pan and cook slowly



Can You Ask?



Ten to twelve minutes in boiling water should be enough for young peas; twenty minutes for young broad beans. Spinach should be sufficiently cooked after about ten minutes. New carrots need about twenty minutes. Spring cabbage will take the same unless you shred it, when you reduce the cooking time to ten to fifteen minutes in boiling water. Cauliflower cooked whole needs about thirty minutes, but divided into sprigs only fifteen to twenty minutes.

About an inch deep of water is ample for peas and beans, cabbage, carrots. Spinach and lettuce need no water except that which clings to their leaves after they have been washed.

Keep the pan tightly lidded when cooking all these vegetables. A little margarine or other fat is an improvement if it can be spared; put it in at the beginning of cooking.

The water is boiling when you add the vegetables.

Exception to the little-water rule is potatoes, including new ones. Some people advise putting new potatoes into boiling water, but I prefer the more usual way of bringing them up to the boil from cold.



until underside is brown. When a crust forms, turn over. Fold like an omelette, serve with parsley salad.

PARSLEY SALAD

- | | |
|---|------------------------------------|
| 1 lettuce; | 1 teacup parsley (finely chopped); |
| A handful of sorrel, dandelion or nasturtium leaves (optional); | Chives (finely chopped); |
| | French dressing. |

Arrange lettuce in salad bowl. Heap the herbs in the centre and dress just before serving.

MIDSUMMER HOTPOT

- | | |
|---|---------------------------------|
| 1 lb. new potatoes; | 3 or 4 spring onions; |
| $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. peas (shelled); | 2 oz. bacon rinds or fat |
| $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. broad beans (shelled); | bacon scraps; |
| $\frac{1}{4}$ lb. each young carrots and turnips; | 4 tablespoonfuls grated cheese; |
| 1 young cabbage or $\frac{1}{4}$ lb. spinach; | Salt and pepper; |
| | Vegetable water. |

Chop onion (green part included) and shred cabbage. Scrape carrots, turnips and potatoes, cutting in two if not very small.

Melt bacon fat in a casserole or pan, and put in onion, salt and pepper, cabbage and other vegetables, except potatoes. Mix well and sauté about ten minutes, shaking the pan. Add enough liquid to come half-way up side of casserole. Put potatoes on top, and cover with lid. Cook until vegetables are

done (about forty minutes); sprinkle with cheese and brown under the grill or in the oven without lid.

SAVOURY BROAD BEANS

- | | |
|--|---|
| $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. broad beans; | 4 spring onions or some chives (chopped); |
| 1 teaspoonful chopped fennel or parsley; | 4 or 5 mushrooms; |
| $\frac{2}{3}$ pint vegetable water; | Thyme and bayleaf (if available); |
| 1 oz. each of flour and margarine; | Lemon substitute; |
| | Salt and pepper. |

Bring vegetable water to the boil. Add beans, onion, thyme and bayleaf, with salt and pepper to taste. Cook till beans are soft. Heat margarine in a small saucepan, and in it cook the mushrooms for a few minutes. Add them to the beans. Scatter flour into margarine and cook a little; then blend with the stock from the beans, stirring till smooth. Stir in lemon substitute and fennel, correct seasoning and add to the bean mixture. Heat up and serve.

SPINACH AU JAMBON

- | | |
|----------------------------------|-------------------------|
| $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. spinach; | Bacon scraps and rinds; |
| 3 tablespoonfuls medium oatmeal; | Salt and pepper; |
| | Grated nutmeg. |

Chop the bacon trimmings and rinds and fry slowly until crisp.

Pick over and wash the spinach, and cook with salt and pepper, adding no water except that clinging to the leaves, until tender. Strain off the liquor when cooked, and chop the spinach on a board.

Make up the spinach water to half a pint with hot water, and bring to the boil in a saucepan. Now sprinkle the oatmeal in slowly, stirring constantly. When cooked like porridge, add the chopped spinach.

Season with nutmeg, and sprinkle the fried bacon pieces over the spinach when you have dished it.

By Harriet Muir

Sandwiches



WHEN THERE'S MARGARINE TO SPARE

Grated raw carrot or grated raw beetroot with chopped lettuce or raw cabbage. Cooked beetroot with grated horseradish and a little mayonnaise (eggless). Chopped raw young spinach and mayonnaise. Sliced cheese with shredded mint leaves.

SPREADS REQUIRING NO MARGARINE

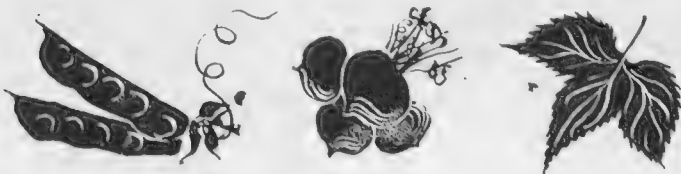
Left-over broad beans or peas mashed to a paste with mayonnaise.

Cold potato beaten up with a little milk, mayonnaise, chopped raw spinach and parsley.

Flesh of cooked or canned herring mashed with potato, grated horseradish, vinegar, and a little milk.

A few sardines mashed with a cooked potato, a dessertspoonful of sardine oil and one of vinegar, salt, pepper, dry mustard and shredded raw cabbage.

Grated cheese mixed to a paste with warm milk, with lettuce hearts as a garnish.



Why... What... When... Who... ?

"Can't I stay up until I've read this chapter?"

Every parent is familiar with the questions which children continually shoot at them. Sometimes the answers are easy but when they are not it is a great temptation to answer "Why must I do this, or that . . . ?" with "Because I say so."

This is an easy way, but not the best way. Children require and deserve reasons for the thing they are asked to do. They are readier to respond when convincing reasons are given for our demands.

Question: *Why must I always go to bed at seven o'clock?*

Answer: Because children have an awful lot of growing to do. Their bones, their nerves, their hair and teeth all have to grow much faster than grown-up's do. You need a lot of strength to keep growing at the pace which ensures that you will be healthy and strong and good looking when you are fully grown, and it is when you are asleep that this strength is made. It does not mean because you don't feel sleepy that you are not tired. Your body doesn't always tell you when it is tired. When you go to sleep your body begins to collect the power to grow.

Going to bed early seems boring and an awful waste of time, but staying up longer now is not half so important as becoming a fine, healthy man or woman later on in life.

Question: *Why do I have to eat crusts?*

Answer: For the same reason that dogs eat bones. Teeth won't last or do their work if you don't give them a job to do. Soft foods make your gums spongy, and this means finally that a lot of impurities get down between your gums and your teeth and make you ill. Another thing: inside you there is a kind of machinery for mixing up your food and making it distribute all the things that your growing body needs for health. Crusts and other hard substances keep this machinery in good working order. If you don't work the machinery it gets rusty and a lot of things go wrong.

Question: *Daddy says it, so why can't I?*

Answer: Daddy wears trousers down to his ankles because he would look silly in short ones like yours, but if you were to wear them every one would say you looked a freak. Things that look good on some people look very silly and unsuitable on others, and things that grown-up people can say sound very ugly and sometimes very silly from children. Daddy doesn't copy things you do, although he sometimes feels he would like to, but he knows that some of the things you say and do and wear are not suitable for a grown man. You must be the same when you feel like copying the things which are not suitable in a child.

Question: *Why do you say that it does me good to be out in the sun, and then make me cover myself up so that the sun doesn't hurt me?*

Answer: Because even the best things can be harmful when they are used unwisely. Medicine is good for you but if you drink a whole bottleful it might kill you. Sun is good for you because it contains something absolutely vital to your health and growth, but these good things are not contained in the heat of the sun, only in its light. The heat of the sun can be harmful when it scorches, so you cover your skin for protection, but this does not prevent your body from absorbing the qualities in the sun's light which will make you strong.



"Daddy writes on this thing. Why can't I?"

Question: *Why do I have to learn Latin and Greek when nobody talks these languages any more?*

Answer: Because all kinds of language and speech began with Latin and Greek, and because, although you cannot understand it now, a knowledge of these things will help you to understand and love your own language better. Another reason is that studying helps your brain to develop; to become alert and agile and able to understand harder and harder things as they come along. Many subjects which

seem to you to have no practical use in daily life are really vital in laying the foundations of a really good brain when you are grown up.

Question: *Why can't I go to the pictures every week like John does?*

Answer: Because Daddy and I think that when you are little there are such a lot of things to do and to find out about—real things, not pretend things like you see on the pictures. It is better you should employ your time getting to know about them and finding out a lot of helpful things that will probably make you a much more useful and happy person than John will be if he spends so much of his time at the pictures.



"Why do I have to eat this horrible crust?"

Louisa Kay

To keep “fighting fit”...

Starving people win no victories; that is why such immense efforts are made on both sides in blockade and counter-blockade.

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But one point remains unchanged. Quality cannot be sacrificed just to increase production—in this sense the flag of the 57 is nailed to the mast, there will be no surrender in quality. Every new can of the 57 Varieties is a renewed pledge of faith, a faith unbroken — and unbreakable.

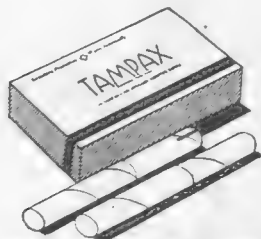


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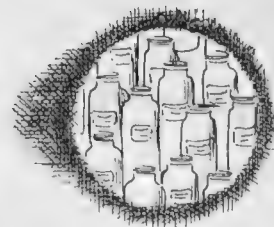
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Look Ahead to



NEXT WINTER'S LARDER

Imagine your next winter's larder stocked with split peas, dried haricot beans, butter beans, broad beans, dried parsley and mint, dried mushrooms, jars of tomato purée, pickles, pots of tiny french beans or sliced runner beans, strings of onions, hammocks of marrows and pumpkins, stored carrots, swedes, turnips and potatoes, fruit purées, preserves and jams. If in addition you have a garden filled with celery, leeks, brussels sprouts, and winter cabbage you will not have much to worry about.

A little forethought, a little extra work and time spent now, can ensure all this for you, if you have a garden. (Some of the plants should have been put in a month or so ago, but if you have failed to make the necessary sowings, try to catch up on your storage plan by begging or borrowing some of your wiser neighbours' vegetables in exchange for a later cropping of your own.)

Here are a few of the necessary facts about how to store, when to plant and so on. Prepare as many of the suggested larder-fillers as possible, you'll be thankful later.

Broad beans. These should be up by now and you should be picking the young pods this month. Shell them, put the beans in boiling water for a few minutes—not more than ten—then rinse in cold water and dry in the sun or in a cool oven. Before using in the winter, soak them in water for twenty-four hours, as you would any dried peas or beans, and, if necessary, remove the outer tough skin.

French beans. Sow now and be ready to salt them down in August or September. Pick them when very young and tender and wash and dry them before putting in the large jars (stoneware or big marmalade jars are suitable) with layers of common salt between each row of beans. Do not cut the beans, and use about 1 lb. of salt to every 3½ lb. of beans. After the jar has been filled, leave for a day or so to settle, and add more until it is really full, then seal.

Soak these for at least two hours before using, and change boiling water two or three times to get rid of the brine taste—then you will think you are eating fresh beans.

Runner beans. Sow now and salt down when ready as for french beans, only with the runner beans you can slice them as though they are to be cooked for immediate serving. Salt down, and before cooking soak as with french beans.

Dutch or butter beans, and haricot beans. These are the best types for drying if you can get them. Plant now and when the pods are drying a pale yellow on the plants they are ready for picking. Shell, wash, dry and leave to finish drying in a cool oven or in the sun. Store and when wanting to use, treat as you would haricot beans bought in a shop.

Mint and Parsley. You should have roots in and growing now. These will last you most of the year, but for the coldest months you should try and dry some herbs in a cool oven. Wash and dry before putting in the oven and then let all moisture be absorbed from the herbs by the slow heat. Pack away in paper bags or tins.

Mushrooms. These can be home grown from good spawn any time during the next few months, and full directions can be obtained from the box containing the spawn. Outdoor beds can be used if you want to grow them outdoors, but they must be covered with old tin or sacking. When the mushrooms come up, wash, dry and peel as if for use, and then dry out all moisture in a cool oven. Soak before using.

Onions. These can be planted now, especially if you get good advanced seedlings. The soil should be rich. In September lift the onions, leaving them on the ground to dry if the weather is fine. In any case try to leave them in the sun until the tops are dried and yellow. Plait the tops together, using an extra strand of string to strengthen the whole structure of the plait. Hang up from a top loop.

Tomatoes. Strong large plants can be put in now in a sunny place, preferably with a wall behind them. Pinch out all lateral shoots and keep the foliage from shading the fruit. Pick when ripe. Bottle in the usual manner. If you have any green ones put them in a dark cupboard (or wrap in tissue paper) and leave to ripen slowly. Or you can make green tomato pickle or chutney.

Peas. Plant a late variety now and when they are ready—do not wait until they have grown large—pick, pod, blanch in hot salt water for ten minutes, remove, dry and put on trays and dry in a cool oven. The outer skin can be removed from each pea if you like, in which case they become split peas. Soak for twenty-four hours.

Carrots, turnips, swedes. These can be sown and grown now and later stored in boxes of sand. Maincrop potatoes should have been planted in April.

Sow cabbage in June if you want it for autumn and late autumn. Plant out seedlings of celery in June for winter use. Leeks planted now will last you all the winter—they do not wither in snow and frost. Neither do parsnips—but these should be sown in the spring and if you haven't got them in already you will have to rely on shop supplies and remember to do better next year.

Brussels sprouts will have to be planted now, and if you get sturdy plants they should be ready by the beginning of winter. If they do seem to get frost-touched during the worst winter weather they will come through it again as soon as the bad weather is over and you will have a good supply for February, March and onwards.



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Old Tales Re-told

(Continued from page 24)

Rome to the mercies of his ravening hordes, and thus avoided the massacres that must have taken place if a free pillage had been allowed. He also treated Placidia with some consideration—all the more surprising as it was not expected.

When at last food was permitted to enter the gates of Rome, thousands of cartloads of valuables were going out of the gates northwards. Masterpieces of art in gold had been melted down for distribution among the soldiers as bullion. More than forty thousand freed German slaves had joined the happy throng.

Rome had been left impoverished but undamaged. But the surrounding country was a scene of indescribable desolation.

Alaric, offering the hand of friendship to the insignificant Honorius, suggested an alliance. Honorius, in favour of peace at any price, was inclined to accept the proposal. His interests were so far from affairs of state that the following anecdote is characteristic: A messenger rushed into the hall to inform him that Rome had been taken. Heart-broken and in tears, he said that only a short while ago she was quite safe. The astonished messenger added a few words in explanation, and when Honorius understood, he gave a sigh of relief because it was Rome, the city, that the man meant—and not a pet hen that he called Rome!

There was also at Ravenna a nobleman of outstanding qualities, both military and diplomatic, who had long been in love with the beautiful Placidia. Now that the object of his affection was in enemy hands, he was like a man possessed. Constantius was his name. Again and again he tried to waken Honorius to the necessity of rescuing her before she was defiled by the barbarians. But Alaric held tight to his prize, and Honorius was afraid of offending him. Months and years dragged by, and in 410 she was still a captive of the barbarians. Alaric at this time was about to invade Sicily, but was seized by a fatal illness at Cosentia and he was buried in the custom of his country. A huge grave was dug under the bed of the River Baseno and there he was laid, together with a tremendous array of treasure. After which, all the workmen concerned were slaughtered, so that no one could find the grave and violate it.

Ataulphus, Alaric's brother-in-law, inherited the kingdom of the Visigoths, and also the task of carrying on the conquest of the Roman Empire.

The new king was not so fierce as his predecessor. He was younger, and of an amiable appearance. He had paid assiduous courtship to Placidia, though always within the bounds of discretion.

WHEN the news of Alaric's death reached Ravenna, the inconsolable Constantius demanded that Placidia be restored to the imperial family, but the new king's reply sounded a death knell to his hopes. Ataulphus declared that he had no intention of parting with her, for he had made up his mind to marry her.

Never before had a Roman princess married a barbarian, and the bare suggestion was enough to rouse fresh indignation. Ataulphus was sincerely in love with Placidia, and for her sake he was even willing to comply with the formality of asking Honorius's consent. As for Placidia herself, she had never taken any interest in Constantius, but welcomed the attentions of Ataulphus. In short, she was as much in love with him as he with her.

Under her influence her lover was rapidly becoming civilised. She turned a deaf ear to the chorus of indignation and wounded pride of the Roman aristocracy; nor would she pay any more attention to the pleas of Constantius. Her marriage to Ataulphus took place in great splendour at a place near Ravenna, and Ataulphus saw that his bride was seated on a throne higher than his own, and gave her as a nuptial gift fifty beautiful

young Goths of both sexes, each bearing a bowl in either hand, one filled with pieces of gold and the other with precious stones of inestimable value. (This was only a negligible part of the treasure that had been looted by the marauders.)

FOUR years passed, during which only one disappointment marred the happiness of the royal couple—the loss of an infant who only lived a few hours after birth. Ataulphus had five children from a former marriage, but they were not enough consolation for a man so ardently in love.

The year 415 found Ataulphus and Placidia at Barcelona in Spain. At that time a groom in the royal stables had a venomous hatred of Ataulphus because the king had condemned his former master, Saurus, to death. Also the king was always making the groom look ridiculous owing to his small stature. One day when master and groom were alone in the stables, the latter struck at Ataulphus with a dagger and killed him.

Tumult and disorder followed the assassination. Opposing factions took the upper hand and a new king of the Visigoths was elected. This was Singeric, the brother of Saurus. The first act of this unbridled savage was to put to death the five innocent children of Ataulphus. Placidia, still dazed from the bitter blow that fate had dealt her, found herself in the hands of a man who combined in himself all the worst attributes of his race. He did not kill her because it suited him to play a game of cat-and-mouse with the ex-queen, this Roman princess, sister of an emperor, daughter of Theodosius the Great—and now the humble slave of Singeric. She was subjected to all the humiliations of a slave and was forced to serve at table the drunken German brutes who had neither restraint nor shame. Even in public Singeric did not spare her. He organised a kind of triumphal military procession, a group of miserable slaves, forced to walk in front of his horse—Placidia among them. She was compelled to trudge twelve miles before his malice was appeased for the time being. However, before another week had passed, another event occurred with shattering suddenness to change the situation. Singeric was assassinated and the Gothic crown passed to another of the same race, Wallia.

Placidia felt that whatever he was like, or whatever he did to her, he could not be worse than his predecessor. Wallia, however, though anti-Roman, was more human and finally acceded to the persistent requests of Honorius and Constantius for Placidia's freedom.

She was exchanged for six hundred thousand measures of wheat, and so was restored to her family.

The faithful Constantius besieged her with his attentions, and for almost a year she resisted and evaded him, for nothing could ever destroy the memory of her beloved husband. In the end, however, out of sheer exhaustion, she submitted and became his wife. He died a few years later, leaving her with two children. She resolved to devote herself to them and live a life of peaceful retirement. But fresh troubles awaited her.

Her half-brother, the Emperor Honorius, began to show so much affection for her that it gave rise to rumours of the most discreditable nature. She could not tolerate the reproach implicit on every face. This was a new form of torture from which she had to escape at all costs, for the moody and variable Honorius changed just as quickly from deep affection to uncompromising hatred. This decided Placidia to leave her beautiful but unhappy Italy and return to the place where she was brought up—Byzantium, city of happy childhood memories that seemed like a dream.

She lived another twenty-eight years without provoking destiny by contracting any further marriage.

END

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much toggled out, boiled shirts, decorations, orders, sashes. The girl said to me: "The last time I saw you, you didn't have a shirt. A lot of wild Welshmen had torn it off you."

He was silent for a moment, as though not wishing to say more.

"This is for you—and Tom," he said. "Two months after meeting her, we were to be married in St. George's Chapel. On her way to the ceremony she was killed by a bomb."

From that day on I had something in common with Squadron Leader Godfrey, although I never saw him again.

WE moved forward early the next morning to the advanced base, and as soon as we were located we took off in sections of three, assuming a squadron formation, twelve planes in all, to patrol the S.2 area. We had levelled off at ten thousand feet when I heard the *whew* of the transmitter in my headphone and recognized our leader's voice. "Calling Neptune! Calling Neptune! This is Trent! Can you hear me, please? Trent over to Neptune. Go ahead, please."

Trent was the radio code name of our squadron; Neptune the twenty-four-hour call for Operations. There were the usual exchange of signals, our position and height given, then a silence for, perhaps, twenty minutes. We had passed the coast, the cliffs of Dover to our right. Under us, between blobs of clouds compact as cotton wool, the Channel was an unruffled green carpet. It was cold, despite our electrically heated coveralls, and hard to breathe. I had just turned on the valve that released oxygen into the mask when the call came.

"Calling Trent! Calling Trent! Enemy aircraft, Emma 110, approaching from north!"

I strained my eyes in that direction. There wasn't a speck that I could see in that vast expanse of blue. Our leader changed course, and my Hurricane was roaring upwards with additional power under full throttle. Suddenly, without any warning that I discerned, a shower of hail came down on us, obliquely, from the sun. Blazing guns. The air was full of white streamers, undulating like ribbons. The smoke of enemy tracers. A squadron of Messerschmitts had sieved right through us.

We dived after them. Almost at once I had what they call a *sitter*; a plane with square-cut wing tips dead between my sights. In the next instant I couldn't see the sights. I was losing consciousness and became panicky. And then a strange thing happened. I felt the presence of Tom beside me, crowding the cockpit. I saw him, or thought I saw him, turning on the electric switch. It projects an orange light in the gun sights in the centre of the windshield and is more reliable than the ordinary sights. But then I saw that I myself was doing this. It was an uncanny feeling, because Tom had no experience with the electric gun sight. We didn't have them at the training school in Canada.

Everything screamed. My controls grew stiff with the speed.

Again I lined up an enemy. My heart was racing faster than my propeller as I pressed the red firing button to warm up my Brownings. The Hurricane trembled and slowed from the recoil, and I hated what I was about to do. "Kill or be killed!" someone seemed to whisper to me. "Live on! Live on!"

I had him now, right where I wanted him, but it was hard to pull out of the dive as I got down near to his level. In trying to do so he was out of my sights again, away slightly to the left. And now something was behind me, pouring lead. He flashed past and below, his black crosses looking like a grinning skull and cross-bones.

It was my first lesson in combat. In my inexperience I made a score of blunders, wasted hundreds of rounds of ammunition on

thin air. Finally, the 110's nowhere to be seen, we turned for home.

We saw movies of that scrap in the projection room, movies taken by our own automatic cameras. It knocked the stuffing out of you, just to watch it in the quiet of a darkened and safe room. The squadron leader ran the pictures over and over again, monotonously explained what we should or should not have done.

There was a letter waiting for me, and I tried to lose myself in its sweet contents.

DEAR SON:

So sorry we neglected to let you know about the hockey finals. It's so long ago we thought you must have heard. The Boston Bruins finally won, sorry to say, although your idol Gordon Drillon played marvellously—so Norman says. Don't let him know I told you, dear, but he's cabling you five hundred dollars to Barclay's Bank for your birthday. Did you get the woollen sweater and the socks? You forgot to say in your last letter. We both think it was splendid of you to send Sally that wedding gift. She came over to tell us about it, and cried a little. She really is a lovely girl, and I hope she'll be happy.

We're so glad you've found a new friend in Pilot Officer Ronny Stafford. Tell him that Norman will look up his people the next time he goes to Toronto, which will be very soon.

I'm writing this in your room as usual, to be nearer you. The sun is coming in through the window. The cups you won for running are gleaming with your name, it seems to me, your presence. Your silver vases are filled with flowers. Yours and Tom's photographs face each other on the desk, and it's all very tranquil—and heavenly.

Yesterday when I had to go to the attic to search for Norman's fishing tackle, what do you suppose I came across? A pair of tattered and broken shoes, little boy's shoes, side by side, grey with dust. You wore them the day Tom brought you home to us. They have been there ever since, and there they shall remain.

Know that we love you, dear, and pray for you.

Your devoted mother,

AGNES CARROLL.

About a month later Ronny Stafford and I were getting ready to spend a four-day leave in London, looking forward to it no end. We had both been in a lot of fighting, and our airfield had taken a heavy pounding. I wanted to spend some of that birthday money, and we knew a couple of very pretty girls in town, W.A.A.F. girls. We were in the mess bar, having a warm-up cocktail when the transmitter put the cap on things.

"All squadron pilots over to S.L.!" All squadron pilots over to S.L.!"

There goes the London leave, I thought. We ran over to the squadron leader's hut—a man named Lloyd Cowen—lined up, waited for whatever was coming.

"The squadron will pick up Whitley and Blenheim bombers over the Angel area at five ack-emma. Escort formation demands twelve Hurricanes. All leave cancelled. That's the lot, gentlemen."

Ronny and I pulled long faces, sauntered back to the bar, and took it out on Martini cocktails. The news grapevined through. Two German pocket battleships were reported tied up at Brest docks, and the Bombing Command air marshal thought it might be a good idea to have a go at them in broad daylight. How were the Whitleys and Blenheims to get through? Why a few Hurricanes ought to do the trick. Simple as that. S'long, girls. Two more Martinis, please.

We picked the bombers up on schedule, and our leader checked through to Operations. They were crazy-words.

"Arnold to Keats! Arnold to Keats!"

We had gone poetical for the day. "Contacted Milton Raid at Angel. Arnold to Keats! Contact made at zero hour at nine thousand. Arnold over to Keats. Over."

Operations came back with their end of the *tête-à-tête*, everything checked and rechecked, all very polite.

Carry on, Milton Raid!

The bombers crawled on below us at about 295 m.p.h., and we dawdled about four thousand feet above them. They looked big and clumsy and formidable. Somebody was going to get hurt.

It took us about an hour to reach our destination, flying west of the Guernsey Islands, out of reach. There was an early morning mist over the Channel, stationary as a platform. The bombers would have to stick their necks out. It cleared as we approached Finisterre—and then it started!

It was as though a volcano had erupted somewhere below us. A continuous outpouring of lava burst under and all around us.

I began shouting in the sheer excitement of it all. It was my first big bombing job, and I had never seen anything like that before.

"Look at it!" I kept saying. "Just look at that stuff, Tom! How can those bombers of ours ever get through it? Look at it!"

BUT now we had our own hides to think about. A squadron of Heinkel 113's tangled up with us. Tearing and blasting and cursing, we ripped into them. It was next to impossible to keep any formation. Our main job was to protect the bombers, and to do that we had to keep them in sight. I got a Heinkel at less than fifty feet, slamming it into him until he came apart at the seams. Planes were falling, some of them straight down, others like fluttering leaves. Terrific explosions down below sent up great flashes of light and wafted us about in the air. I could see the outlines of the docks, but not the pocket battleships. Too much smoke.

A long stitch ran across my fuselage, making a tinny sound. At that moment there was a stab in my left leg as if someone had rammed an ice-pick into it. It knocked my knees together, bone against bone under my fur-lined coverall. Directly after that I saw one of our bombers go, hit by a shell directly amidships. It burst in half with a fearful explosion, both halves plummeting down. The crew had no chance to use their parachutes.

It drove me frantic. I wasn't human any more. I was just part of the mechanism of my plane. And again I felt curiously crowded in there, pressed for room. I was certain it was Tom who crowded me. I wanted to tell him to get out. I thought of the time at college when he crowded me at the turn, during the quarter mile, and I told him to get to hell out of there and let me through. Whenever I took my thumb off the firing button, his hand seemed to dart in there, so he could have a go at it.

Crazy of course, but that's the way it seemed. I was hit again about this time in my right armpit. My tracers ripped into a Heinkel as it came smoking down, and I was lucky enough to get in a full burst on a Messerschmitt before I knew I was done. My right arm was utterly useless now. All I hoped for was the strength to get home.

Down below the bomb explosions came again, six or seven of them in rapid succession. The raid, of course, was being run on a strict time schedule, and our time was about up. Just gas enough to get the Hurricanes home.

I was bleeding a lot and must have lost consciousness from the pain. When I came to I was out at sea and very much alone. My speed was alarmingly slow and I was near the water. It was torture to pour more fuel into her and try to put her into a climb. But I managed it in some way or other, then saw a set of vibrating,

(Continued on page 54)

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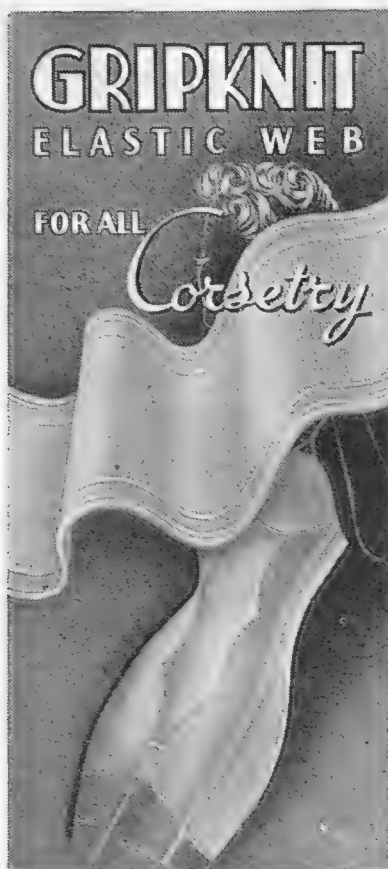
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Facts and Figures

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FOR ALL
Corsetry

snaky white ribbons reaching across my wing tip from behind. The tracers of two Heinkel 113's. I was in a very tough spot, and there seemed nothing I could do about it.

I turned my head to glance back—and then it happened.

The bullet got me through the upper part of my nose, across the eyes. For a second or so the shocking pain cleared my groggy senses. "I guess this is it, Tom," I said. "I can't see any more."

You probably know, sir, how they run things at Operations. Officers in a circular balcony were sitting rigid as they stared at an enormous map below them. With their croupier rakes, girls grouped seven tiny Hurricanes beside nine Whitleys and Blenheims, heading for the Angel Area. That meant that of those setting out on the Milton Raid, five Hurricanes and four bombers had been raked off the map. Nine were gone. But the official report was to read: "In all, eight of our planes failed to return."

I was told that when those Heinkels tackled me I was about twenty miles off the Lizard in Cornwall. That's a very rocky part of the coast to land on. A wounded pilot needs a butterfly net to catch him there. I was slumped in the cockpit, and even if I had

Milton Raid

regained consciousness I couldn't have seen a thing. Possibly I might have felt for the controls with groping hands, but I couldn't have guided the plane down, not knowing where on earth I was going.

They say I landed in a field. They say I came down in a long glide, faultlessly. They say my wheels touched at just the right place, the only place, where I could run to a stop without crashing into some trees. They say the plane taxied across the field, slowed down, and came to a gentle stop, its engine still running.

Milton Raid!

No sir, I don't feel my loss so badly as all that. I've found something of even greater value to take its place. I'm getting used to things now, and my one regret is that I'm a burden here to mother and father. Apart from that I'm happy—and a little proud. I think I can truthfully say I never knew such inward peace before.

Something of greater value? This book on my lap. The Bible. When I had a chance to read it, I passed it by. I'm learning to read it now—as you see—with my finger-tips.

END

Books (Continued from page 29)

in the Nazi Party cannot be omitted, it is the ordinary people of Germany, the workmen, the hausfraus, the dentists, the clerks, the average policemen, the farmers, whose views are expressed most particularly. There are many interesting revelations, and I agree that if some of our diplomats had done less tea drinking with the bosses and heard and met more of the German people we might have been better forewarned and wiser in our propaganda and actions. Humour adds to the very readable character of the book.

AND now away from the war for the rest of our books. Jolanda Foldes wrote the famous "Street of the Fishing Cat." She may reach that peak again, but not with "Ladies Don't Suffer" (Hutchinson, 9s.), which is nevertheless still very good. This tells of Kyra, in turn Russian, Roumanian and German, married to the good-looking Claudius, who suffers from mental trouble. Kyra is a delightful character with a philosophy and more especially, a religion, of her own. Her adventures in Italy, and finally in London, always as a refugee, with very tangled nationality, are told with humour and with a suitably dramatic ending. The plot is good, the telling of it even better.

H. T. W. Bousfield's "The God With Four Arms" (Rich & Cowan, 4s.) is a series of short stories about the odd and the mysterious. His style is so clear cut that he makes the spinning of a yarn look easy, with the result that whether he is writing about India, the sea, or modern witchcraft, it is a joy to read.

AS different as chalk from cheese, in that the story is a fantasy, is "The Last of Uptake" (Batsford, 15s.) by Simon Harcourt-Smith. Uptake is a Palladian mansion and an estate, now decrepit. The description reminds me in places of mansions, now used as golf club houses, such as Woodcote Park, near Epsom, and Moor Park. Two old sisters live at Uptake and we see through their eyes the decline of the family, from the disreputable great-grandfather who first built

and equipped the mansion and grounds. The reading matter is short, but the production of the book is artistically excellent, for Rex Whisler illustrates the tale with more than twenty pen, wash and colour pictures which are triumphantly suitable.

I look on Margaret Trouncer's "Go, Lovely Rose" as one of the best books I have read for some time. Her latest, "Why So Pale?" (Cassell, 7s. 6d.) is in a quieter vein. Set in the period of Napoleon III and the Empress Eugénie it tells how the love of a pagan for a wife improves and sets the seal of happiness on a Christian marriage. It is an unusual theme well and truly dealt with, and the period background is as attractive as it is accurate. Without going into details of the whys and wherefores, which are too vague at the back of my mind, I recommend this.

"Heads You Lose" (Bodley Head, 7s. 6d.) is a murder thriller. Six people might have been responsible for hacking the heads off the murdered women, and there seemed a fair reason why each might have done so. Cocky, the unusual detective, certainly had a problem. Christianna Brand has put nice subsidiary plots and normal human people into a situation which might arise, but we hope won't, at any weekend party. It is five to one against your spotting the murderer, and I think I will take those odds that you fail.

FINALLY, for this month, there is "The Black Winds Blow" (Robert Hale, 9s. 6d.), by Francis Bainbridge Colby. John, an American, comes from home to Dublin and falls in love with an Irish girl. He marries her and takes her home to Boston, knowing that his mother, and an ex-fiancée, will probably not approve. The description of Boston society and parties is more creditable than the earlier part of the book in Dublin; but that is when Lemos, the professor of Greek, makes his appearance and takes the side of the bride in her struggle for recognition, against excessive mother love, jealousy, good breeding, and a loving husband with a weak streak.

Summer Nature Walk (Continued from page 25)

bare ground without any pretence at nest-making. When the two froggy-mouthed chicks emerge they are adept at concealing themselves by pressing their brown-barred bodies close to the ground where their striped plumage of soft down produces a splendid camouflage. It takes a very keen eye and a thorough search to locate the squatting youngsters, but it is best not to disturb or handle them, for the parent night-jar, though unseen and unheard, sees and

hears everything, and will escort her youngsters to fresh ground as soon as your back is turned.

During a summer stroll in the country it is pleasant to sit for a few minutes on a mossy bank or a convenient log, and look round. There is always something of interest to watch, as on the day when I saw two parent partridges and their eight well-grown chicks pecking about only a few yards from where I sat eating my lunch. They were all

neat, round roly-poly-looking birds and although the chicks were obviously enjoying life with care-free and happy abandon, the adults were continually looking this way and that with keen eyes alert for any sign of danger. But I remained perfectly still as the partridge covey came nearer and nearer. They were making for an area of dry, sun-scorched earth in which to have a dust-bath, a method of cleansing its feathers which the partridge prefers to ordinary washing.

The dainty little whitethroat wages totalitarian warfare on all the insect throng so that there is little wonder that its four or five nestlings grow apace and are soon on the wing. From the very moment when they emerge from the shell they are fed well and regularly, and their fragile nursery in the hedgerow becomes so overcrowded that it often looks as if it might suddenly collapse under the strain. Yet, I have never known a whitethroat's nest come to grief and it is usual for each family to be safely reared. I recall one instance in which a pair of whitethroats nested in a jungle of nettles beneath an ash tree in which a pair of little owls nested. This particular species of the owl tribe hunts by day as well as by night, and I was somewhat concerned for the safety of the whitethroat family. I made daily visits to the scene, watching the progress of both families and on nearly every occasion saw one or both of the little owls carefully watching the countryside through the pale-green eyes that have such a savage stare. The three baby owlets left their nursery on the very same day as the whitethroat quadruplets left theirs, and, so far as I know, all of them eventually reached maturity.

I sometimes wonder whether birds of prey follow the example of foxes and badgers and make "no hunting near home" a rule of their lives. I am thinking of a pair of kestrels whose family of four were being reared in a hollow ash that overlooked the reed-beds. Immediately below the kestrels' eyrie was the nursery of a pair of reed buntings, and I often watched those kestrels sit for hours on a projecting branch only a few feet above the buntings' nursery while the latter came and went seemingly unnoticed by the keen-eyed bandits. When the young kestrels were old enough to toddle forth from their tree-trunk nursery they, too, found this branch a pleasant resting-place where they also indulged in a number of different wing exercises as if to be perfectly fitted for the wild, aerial life which would soon be theirs. They were very clean birds and loved to sit preening their feathers in a mild shower of rain, after which they would clean each other's beaks and feet.

These kestrels were fed mainly on voles and mice, and although a host of different birds inhabited the reed-beds and the adjoining marshes, none of them, so far as my observation went, had any cause for complaint against their kestrel neighbours.

END

On Duty—and Off

(Continued from page 33)

(1) Food. Non-deteriorating dry food which will not require cooking. If you are giving him a tin, for goodness' sake don't forget the opener; and find out exactly what he fancies in the way of food for this occasion. It will save bother if you keep the metal drinking mug, knife, fork and spoon with which he has been provided, all ready in the suitcase. See that his water bottle is filled with fresh water.

(2) Toilet necessities. These include shaving tackle, soap, toothbrush and toothpaste, towel, hair brush, comb, candles, toilet paper, and pillow case. Don't forget a box of matches or a lighter if you have one.

(3) Clothing. Rubber-soled shoes, extra pair of socks, extra pair of pants, extra shirt, handkerchiefs (khaki and not white).

(4) Writing materials. Envelopes, paper, stamps, pencils, notebook.

(5) Cigarettes and tobacco. Sufficient for a few days.

END

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LF 127/B

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All that "Ranee" requires is (1) a specimen of your handwriting, (2) your name and address in full, (3) the day and month of your birth, (4) the colour of your eyes and hair.

Write these down on a piece of paper, address your envelope to: "Ranee," c/o "Britannia and Eve," Commonwealth House, 1 New Oxford Street, London, W.C.1, and enclose an open postal order to the value of One Shilling and stamped, addressed envelope for reply.

In due course, "Ranee" will send a typewritten delineation of your character.



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BOB MARTIN'S
CONDITION POWDERS
keep dogs fit

The Arctic War *(Continued from page 13)*

has the second world war gone whirling up to the frozen top of the world? Spot Britain on a world map, and look north. One gets a new angle on our geographical location. Britain appears as an island base lying on the outer rim of a northland circle which runs west, by way of the islands of Iceland and Greenland, and the remote northern territories of Canada and the United States, round to meet the eastern tip of Stalin's vast empire, and continues along the Siberian Arctic coast down to Finland and Norway, and so back to the Shetland outposts of our home island again.

NOW glance at it from the German angle of sight. The Nazi brain trusters have always viewed the European-Asiatic land block as a "world island," dominated by the smaller Anglo-American islands of the Atlantic and Pacific. They seek to reverse the position, and, from a conquered "world island," control the British and American islands which so far have controlled it. They have conquered two thousand miles of north European coastline, from Norway to France, and made themselves supreme all along the southern coast of the Mediterranean. But the British are military masters of the North African and West Mediterranean coasts, and threaten to cross that moat; and the British, Russians and Americans dominate the northern flank of the "world island" from the raided Lofoten Islands and Spitsbergen all the way round to Alaska, and are a constant menace while they can move freely with their ships and planes along that flank.

Take a look through Japanese glasses, and you see in the Soviet-American-Canadian dominance of the Arctic Sea and sky and land areas to the north, a poised javelin aimed at the Achilles heel of the Nipponese Islands. If Japan could invade the American Continent through Siberia and Alaska—at Bering Straits, Siberia is only fifty-seven miles from Alaska—the Americans could also take the same route, moving down to Japan. Japan is 7,000 miles away from America across the Pacific, but only a day's flight over the horizon from the new army airport at Whitehorse.

It is possible that, when we can see this war in dispassionate perspective, we shall mark the Arctic war as beginning when Stalin sent the Red Army in to get the strategic territory he knew he had to have to close his open flank on the northern coast of the Baltic. Superficially, he had no Achilles heel. True, he might suspect Hitler's ultimate intentions; but wasn't he protected by a buffer state, Finland, planted between the U.S.S.R. and Germany?

So said, at the time, the softer, less realistic, more legalistic westerners, with governments and foreign offices packed with old and young lawyers who had never fought with anything except their tongues, under law court rules, in their lives. These shrieked about the Russian "violation of frontiers," this dastardly attack of the big fellow on the little man—and such a fine fellow, said the Americans, who'd always paid his debts, the only one of the lot who hadn't defaulted.

But when Japan walked into Siam, the Finland of the East, professional leaders of the Allied soldiers who had to die asked among themselves why the hell their political chiefs couldn't see straight, and hadn't "done a Stalin" on Siam by moving in before the Japs.

The propaganda put out in Britain at the time Stalin was resolutely moving to armour his northern Achilles heel between Lake Ladoga and the Aland Islands will one day be dug out, and laid down like a comic strip, for men to laugh over.

It's odd to think now that if Stalin hadn't waged that campaign over the ice and amid the blizzards, and strengthened his strategic northern flank, the Nazis would have won their eastern blitzkrieg before the winter of 1941 closed down, and the civilisation revered by the British and American champions of Finland might to-day be as dead as the effete Roman civilisation which the

northern barbarians crushed in its senility—fifteen hundred years ago.

However, geographers may mark the start of the Arctic war at the raid on Spitsbergen by British, Canadian and Norwegian troops. This was the farthest north the war had swept up to that time. A tentacle of the Allies' war machine, armoured and weaponed, thrust 600 miles farther north than the most northerly point touched by the Finnish-Soviet affray; a 1,000 miles farther north than the Anglo-American naval and air base at Reykjavik, the capital of Iceland, and 500 miles farther north than the northernmost point on the American Continent, which is Point Barrow, Alaska, where blood spilt in battle may yet redden the snow.

Britain and Norway were the only contestants for sovereignty over Spitsbergen after the war of 1914-18. The British in 1920 were tiring, and yielded all political rights to Norway. With that surrender went control of the key to the north coasts of Norway, Finland and European Russia, and some rich coal mines. The Norwegians, owning the land and the minerals under the surface, found small use for the coal; but the Soviet Union, actively developing its northern territories, saw no sense in hauling coal to the Arctic when a handy big deposit existed there and merely wanted opening up, so they leased the mines and worked them to supply fuel needed for their warships, fishing fleets, ice-breakers and freighters operating all along their Arctic coast.

The Germans had an eye on the Spitsbergen Isles. But first, they couldn't move in without alienating Stalin, who at the time was busy appeasing the Nazis and abusing the British and Americans (not without good cause); and later, they were too hard pressed elsewhere to spare a garrison, which, their military advisers would have told them, might very well be wasted, going the way of the British garrison of Hong Kong, if the enemy bored in resolutely.

There were 2,000 Russians and 700 Norwegians mining in Spitsbergen when the Allied Force raided (presumably with the blessing of Stalin, who did not want the Germans planted in a strategic island group athwart the sea approaches from Britain to Murmansk and Archangel). The invaders carried off all the inhabitants, and destroyed the coal mines.

Having dithered over Norway in the spring of 1940, and seen it pass into the Nazi steel grip, the British didn't hesitate to jump independent Iceland, tangent to the Arctic circle, and Denmark's only colony, before the swastika forces moved on there, and menaced the flanks of Britain's northern sea lifelines. The Iceland Government protested, but 120,000 Icelanders without an army, navy, air force, fortifications or railways could scarcely resist a strong invading force. The occupying British soon made themselves at home on the treeless island.

They made airfields, got in munitions and supplies, organised the island as a half-way station on the north Atlantic convoy route, and a base for naval and air patrols. There's only one good harbour, at Reykjavik, no roads, but a nice, natural, seaboard base on Lake Thingvalla, a stretch of inland water, which, fed by hot springs, never freezes.

In the summer of 1941 Uncle Sam joined John Bull on the island.

Next, President Roosevelt moved a force into Greenland, observing the diplomatic niceties, and so secured the second of the two great island stepping stones on the north route between Europe and America.

Look closer at the landscape of the Arctic war, and you will discern two figures moving, key men, picturesque but withdrawn and absorbed personalities. They are Vilhjalmur Stefansson and Otto Schmidt. Stefansson, a Canadian of Icelandic parentage, specialised on Africa as an anthropologist at Harvard University, but got to the Arctic through accepting an invitation to join an expedition to the North Pole. He has spent a dozen years in the Far North, not all by design.

In January, 1914, he went off with a Canadian expedition. Off Wrangel Island his ship, the *Karluk*, smashed by ice, sank in forty fathoms. He was lost for four years. He reappeared in 1919, having solved the problem of living in the Arctic. He had learned to relish half-thawed rotten fish, to build an igloo of snow blocks in a driving blizzard for one night's stay, to get bear meat by persuading the bear to stalk him, and seal by lying down and playing at being a seal while edging closer to a sun-basking group.

He works in New York with a staff now, a tall, shy, grey man in the sixties, with a scientist's matter-of-factness, and dislike of flim-flam. For him the Arctic is about as romantic as the desert is to Auchinleck. "Any one who goes into the Arctic as an adventurer is an incompetent," he says. Study the environment, know how to get along there, endure, and come back alive and with your job done: that's the modern Arctic explorer, and that's the way the schoolmasters of Arctic war are teaching the troops.

Dr. Otto Schmidt is the man who on May 21, 1937, took himself and thirty-two others by plane from Rudolph Island to the North Pole and back, demonstrating the practicability of the great Arctic airway of to-morrow, whose trail the American naval officer Byrd, blazed with his plane in 1926. A Russian, despite his German name, Schmidt is the Kremlin scientist in charge of developing the Soviet's Arctic-bordering territories. For fifteen years he has been busy making colonies, establishing airways, weather stations (the Arctic is the birthplace of weather) and beating the ice to keep open the sea routes.

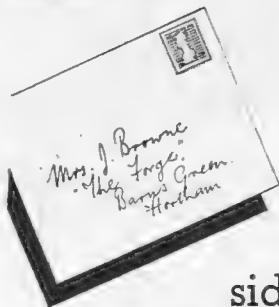
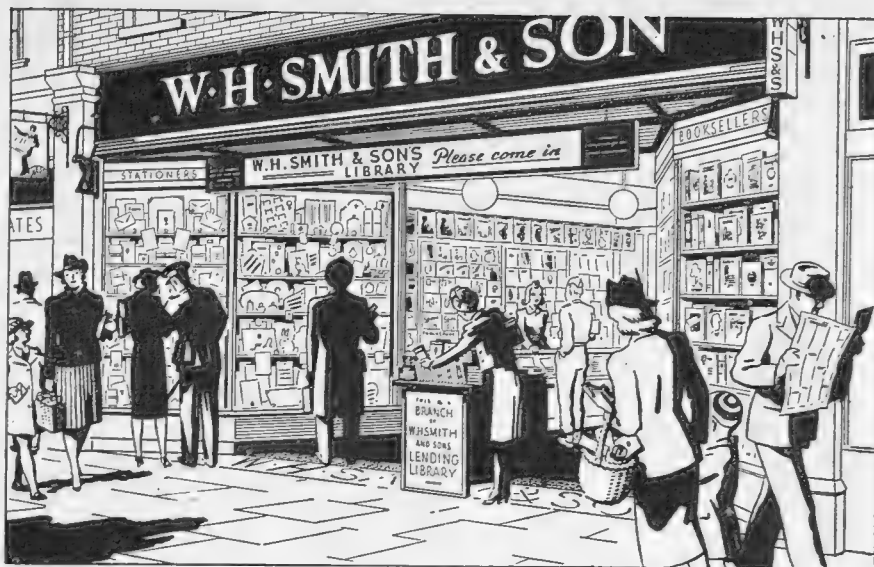
Powered wings are Otto Schmidt's answer to the age-old problem of Arctic travel.

The last three Polar exploits have all been Russian, and all by plane. These new Red empire builders know that the future of the Arctic lies in its use as an air highway. Tchiklov, Molokov, Alexie and a dozen other Russian aviators have flown tens of thousands of miles in the Arctic, pioneering, observing, gathering data for the time when the half-way stations of the northern airlines between America, Europe and Asia will be located in the Central Arctic. The British began something in 1930. An Arctic air expedition started off to survey the northern route to Canada—700 miles from Southampton airport to the Shetlands, 250 miles on to the Faroes or 700 non-stop to the Reykjavik base in Iceland, 600 miles to the Amgmagssalik wireless station on the eastern tip of Greenland, 560 miles on to Diskoe over the ice cap, 1,000 to Labrador, and another 375 down to Botwood in Newfoundland, now an immense and still growing American air base. But the flying boats hadn't gone far before they were recalled. Mr. Chamberlain was at the Treasury. Blazing Arctic trails was waste of money.

But money always intrudes in these things. It held up the Alaskan highway, America's Burma Road in the war with Japan, for twelve years, while governments argued about the cost, vested interests sought to pull the road this way and that to suit their own purposes, and commissions debated the scenic advantages of "A" route over "B" route and vice versa. Into this situation the Japs dropped a load of T.N.T., and overnight argument stopped as all parties interested realised what would happen if Uncle Sam lost control of the Pacific and had no land line to his Alaskan bases.

Half the year fog and storm made the coastal air route undependable, and any way, thousands of transport planes would be needed simply to feed the population deprived of shipborne supplies. Tanks and trucks would have to be flown in unassembled. No heavy equipment or bulk supplies could reach the great army airfield at Fairbanks or the army base at Anchorage. In next to no time the blue lines which had been traced on engineers' maps since 1929 were being translated into concrete tracks and steel bridges on the way from Prince George, in British Columbia, to Whitehorse, 1,000 miles north.

END



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Still obtainable—still only 7½d. (makes 3 lovely pint junkets).
RASPBERRY—ORANGE—LEMON—VANILLA

Waistcoat and Shirt- Dickey

(Continued from page 43)

THE LEFT FRONT

Work as right, but shape at opposite edges.

THE SLEEVES (two alike)

With pale blue, cast on 80 sts. Work k. 1, p. 1 rib for 2 ins. M. 1 st. at beg. and end of every other row until there are 4 ins. along side seam. K. 2 tog. at beg. and end of every other row until there are 36 sts. Cast off.

THE VEST

Cast on 42 sts. with pale blue. Work k. 1, p. 1 rib for 6 ins. Cast off 10 sts. K. 2 tog. next these cast-off sts. on every other row until there are 8 ins. from beg. (straight up). Cast off remaining sts. Work another piece the same, but after first 8 rows work buttonhole at right edge of work as follows: Work 3 sts., cast off 2, work to end. Next row.—Work up to casting off, turn, cast on 2, turn, work to end. Rep. buttonhole, with 12 rows between, until casting off at neck, having top buttonhole 9 rows before casting off.

THE COLLAR

Cast on 108 sts. with pale blue. Work k. 1, p. 1 rib and k. 2 tog. on third and fourth sts. from end at beg. and end of every other row, until there are 2 ins. straight up from beg. Cast off.

NECKBAND

Cast on 8 sts. with pale blue. Work k. 1, p. 1 rib for 13 ins. Work 3 sts., k. 2 tog., w.f.d., work 3. Work 2 rows. Cast off.

THE EDGING

Cast on 8 sts. with plum. Work k. 1, p. 1 for 84 ins. Leave on safety pin.

TO MAKE UP

Sew up side, sleeve and shoulder seams. Sew edging all round, stretching lower edge or it will be too tight, and mitre the corners. Leave small gaps for 9 buttonholes down right side, with 1½ ins. between each, the top one at start of neck dec. and the lowest one 3 ins. from lower edge. Sew in sleeves, gathering at shoulders. Sew buttons to both pieces. Do up vest buttons, and slip into waistcoat. Tack at shoulders. Sew on neckband to vest at front and to waistcoat neck at back. Sew button to fasten. Sew on collar.

FOR 36-IN. BUST

Use No. 8 needles instead of No. 9 for back and fronts, and No. 9 as stated, for all other parts.

FOR 40-IN. BUST

Have 123 sts. instead of 108, and inc. to 157 sts. instead of 142 at bust. Reduce to 123 instead of 108 at shoulders and cast off 7 sts. at beg. of 12 rows instead of 10 at finish, having 39 sts. to cast off. Cast on 10 sts. extra on each front and carry right up to armhole. Cast off 3 sts. here before dec., and have 7 extra sts. to cast off at shoulder.

Lacy, with a Bosom Drape

(Continued from page 43)

THE BACK

Work as front until armhole dec. is finished. Now work on 49 sts., k. 2 tog., leave other 50 sts. on holder until later. When armhole is 8 ins. round curve, cast off 8 sts. at outside edge 4 times, leaving 18 sts. Work 4 rows k. Cast off. Work other side the same. Pick up 7 sts. to every inch down each side of opening and work 8 rows k. Cast off.

THE SLEEVES

Cast on 83 sts. Work the patt. for 15 ins. K. 2 tog. at beg. and end of every other row (still keeping patt.) until there are 33 sts. Cast off.

THE BRAS FRONT

This is worked separately and sewn on. Cast on 47 sts. Work the patt. for 20 ins. Cast off.

TO MAKE UP

Sew up side and sleeve seams. Make inch hems on lower edge and on sleeves. Hem k.



How do you make the best of the knitting question? Naturally you're "among those present" when your woolshop shares out a new supply of "Excelsior" ... But other times ... do you exchange "leftovers" with a friend? ... conjure a child's jersey from your own worn cardigan? ... or what? Concocting can be fun really!

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part of neck to wrong side. Gather centre front of neck as in illustration. Gather sleeve seams on last 4 ins. to make them 2 ins. shorter. Sew in sleeves, gathering for 4 ins. across shoulders. Sew press studs to back. Gather ends of bras front and sew one end to top of side seam. Make a double twist at centre to bring work to right side again. Sew other end. Tack here and there.

LARGER SIZES

1 oz. more for each garment is needed.

FOR 36-IN. TO 38-IN. BUST

Cast on 119 sts. for front. Inc. to 145 sts. instead of 127. Make side seams longer than 15 ins. if liked. Reduce to 119 sts. instead of 101 for shoulders. Cast off 8 sts. 10 times for shoulders; then cast off 39 sts. at finish.

THE BACK

Work as front (36 to 38 size) until armhole dec. is finished. Now work on 58 sts., k. 2 tog., leave other 59 sts. on holder until later. When armhole is 8 ins. round curve, cast off 8 sts. at outside edge 5 times, leaving 19 sts. Finish as 34 in. size.

FOR 38-IN. TO 40-IN. BUST

Work as 36 to 38 size using No. 8 needles.

China Tea

(Continued from page 32)

billowing in the breeze. Down the ladder he slid, and into the saloon.

He blinked his eyes for a moment at the bright light and then took stock of the newcomers. His presence seemed to bring a strange silence to them. Some returned his gaze—challengingly, but his face showed no change, for there was indeed no human expression to evidence what Ah Tam was thinking at that moment. Then he saw the commander, and he looked, and looked, and looked. . . . The old man noticed him. "Tam," he said jovially. "Tea for the commander and his men—hot tea, strong tea—and plenty of it!"

Then, for the first time since he saw the blur of smoke on the horizon, Ah Tam smiled, an almost beatific smile.

"Yes-sir!" he rapped out. "I go ri' now an' makee plenty tea, velly good tea!"

He shuffled back to the galley with special alacrity. A large pan of water was already on the fire, deftly he adjusted it to bring it quicker to the boil, then, setting down the great enamel teapot on the hob, he seized the tea canister from the shelf. The first, faint sizzling of the water fell like music on his ears; he poured a little into the pot, swirled it round with gusto and threw it down the sink, then he began to count the spoonfuls as he put them into the pot.

"Yat—yi—sām—ssu—ng!" he chanted solemnly as he flicked each spoonful with a flourish.

He was rudely interrupted by a bellowing from somewhere amidships.

"Look alive there, cookie! The old man's getting—"

"Allight! Allight!" piped Tam shrilly.

He lifted the great pan of boiling water with a steadiness that would have done credit to a man three times his size. He filled the pot and stirred it briskly, then clambering on to his greasy galley stool he began to search hurriedly among the myriads of dust-covered jars, tins, bottles, that were stowed away on the top shelf. He began to curse a little beneath his breath, one or two tins clattered to the floor. He showed signs of panic and his curses grew louder. Suddenly they were silenced by a great shout.

"Where the devil's that tea!" There was no mistaking the voice. It was the old man's.

In a final frenzy Tam swept the contents of the shelf to the floor with a crash—and there it was; in a corner at the back of the shelf, a half-full gin bottle, dusty, sticky, cobwebbed. He leaped down from the stool, wrenched out the cork and poured the whole contents into the steaming tea.

The old man began to shout again. Tam kicked open the door and hurried out.

"Coming, sir! Tea coming! Plenty nicee hot tea—plenty hot tea!"

END



Mix your Horlicks with water only— the milk is already in it

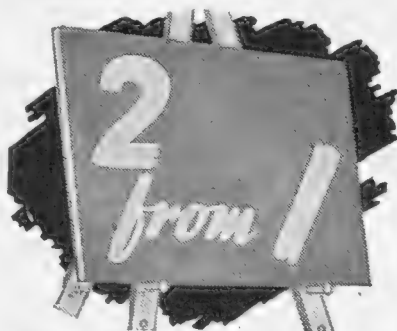
Many people keep Horlicks to have as a night-cap.

It helps to ensure that deep, restful sleep which means abundant energy for the next day's work.

Fortunately, Horlicks makes no demand on the milk supply. The

correct way to make Horlicks is, and always has been, to mix it with water only. The milk is already in it.

We ask you to be patient when you cannot get Horlicks. Reduced supplies are being distributed as evenly and fairly as possible.



Make the most of your CHIVERS JELLIES

To-day, not so many Chivers Jellies are available as in peace time. Here is a recipe to make one packet go twice as far.

Recipe: Make up half-pint of Chivers Jelly in the usual way, then make a half-pint of Custard Sauce without sugar. When Jelly is lukewarm, set a small quantity in bottom of individual glasses or moulds and mix remainder with the custard. When Jelly layers are firm fill up glasses with the mixture and leave to set.



J374



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Difficulties are things that show what men are, wrote Epictetus . . . particularly the lesser difficulties, we might add, like putting up with the shortage of Kia-Ora these days.



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Eire's Censored V.C.s

(Continued from page 15)

we had become casualties through showing our sterns. It was bad enough having to look all day at Wigan from a hillock, but the results of our rations on delicate boyish tummies—as the day wore on—well, we were not used to Wigan pork pies.

Captain Aidan Liddel, Stonyhurst's second V.C. of 1914-1918, was a tall and silent Scot: he won the second R.F.C. Cross, flying his companion back to safety across the lines though his own leg was shot off. Lieutenant Courty, the school's third V.C. of that epoch, was a red-haired little fellow who was so junior in my day that no memory returns: his reward came on the Somme. Of course there was and is no school recipe for valour. Stonyhurst, I remember as a clean school but in my time its teaching standards were not over-distinguished compared with some other schools. I should say the reason for its relatively high number of V.C.s is that so much of the school tends to be Irish—the two first Stonyhurst V.C.s, of forty-five years ago, were also Irish: Brigadiers Costello and Kenna.

THE Irish temperament lends itself to all-out action and hang the consequences. Let me quote from one of my books, in which Lord Gort's winning of the V.C. is described (he's another Irishman: there's a town in Eire called Gort):—

"It could be said he was winning the V.C. throughout that September day, up to the moment towards its close, when he was ordered to leave the field as no longer in a fit state to carry on. Every one of his officers and men (he was commanding a Guards battalion in the final battling in France) had at one time or another been an eye-witness. Perhaps his loftiest moment came when he rallied a company from the top of a tank. But his courage was continuous and almost breath-taking. At one stage he would be lying almost unconscious on a stretcher. A little later he would be on his feet again, bandaged and gory, having recovered sufficient strength under stimulants."

Much the same sort of devil-may-care fury was that of the famous Michael O'Leary who in the early 1914 battles accounted for—I think—seven Germans single handedly. Indeed O'Leary was probably the most-sung V.C. of all that war. The most celebrated Irish V.C. was Lord Roberts whose son also got the Cross in death, a record only once since paralleled in the case of General Congreve and his son.

But to return to these V.C.s of whom Mr. De Valera will not allow word to be printed—though it must be allowed he probably has a good answer. "I don't allow stories, either, of Germans who win the Iron Cross with Oaks, Eagles and Diamonds."

Eire's second V.C. of this war, which went to Captain Fegen of the *Jervis Bay*, had the curiosity that it was much of a reward to a whole ship which sailed out to certain destruction in defence of a convoy. Fegen was on the bridge to the last, wounded yet carrying on like many another about him.

Eire's third V.C. may or may not have been Flight-Lieutenant Nicolson, first to win the Cross in the Coastal Command: he refused to stop fighting his Spitfire above the Channel, though it was well on fire, and the burns he received meant months of deep suffering.

Lieutenant-Commander Eugene Esmonde will live as the leader of the death swoop of the Swordfish planes in the attack on the "S. and G." as they escaped up Channel from Brest. Esmonde was killed within the first few moments of the torpedo attack. Not one of the six Swordfish returned and only five members of the crews were saved. The Swordfish were out of date for the kind of work they were that day summoned to do, and in a way Esmonde's Cross stands for all their crews too.

The fact that goods made of raw materials in short supply, owing to war conditions, are advertised in this journal should not be taken as an indication that they are necessarily available for export.

Esmonde was thirty-two and a former Imperial Airway's pilot. He came from Dublin and three brothers survive him in the Services. His father was a Nationalist M.P. under John Redmond, and a grand-uncle, Colonel Thomas Esmonde, won the V.C. in the Crimean War. He must have been one of the line of sixty-two original V.C.s decorated together by Queen Victoria in Hyde Park in 1857.

Those first Crosses were struck from the guns of Sebastopol and that old metal has only just given out after supplying in, all over 1,200 Crosses. Of these, 525 were handed out between 1856 (end of the Crimea) and 1914 (outbreak of Great War), and it may have been in this period of small wars that the supreme decoration was bestowed too lavishly. Or else it is not being given enough now.

EIRE'S fifth censored V.C. was the late Captain Jackman, doctor's son of Co. Dublin, and late Stonyhurst. Jackman, who was twenty-five, and like Andrews, a professional soldier, led his machine gun company to a vital position down a lane of screaming shells emanating from massed Axis batteries on the one side, and British tanks on the other. This was at El Duda, Western Desert, last November. There was no other way for Jackman to reach his position and he did not hesitate to stand up in his truck as he entered the corridor of hurtling death. "He not only inspired his own men, but clinched the determination of the tank crews never to relinquish the position they had gained."

How sad it is that such a high percentage of V.C.s are posthumous. Not more than half the recipients in this war appear to have survived. Inevitably one thinks forward to the many empty chairs which will bear witness when some day in the future V.C.s meet in mass from the ends of the earth, as 400 did in 1929, when they dined as the guests of the Prince of Wales in The Royal Gallery of the House of Lords. Absent will be Garland and Gray who flew to certain death to attack a bridge across the Albert Canal; and Warburton-Lee who took his destroyers into Narvik Fjord and, dying and frozen, murmured "Carry on." Gone, too, General Jock Campbell, tank superman, tearing up and down the line of battle under his blue pennant; and then killed in an upturned car.

Such as an Esmonde never lived to buy his Cross in the little Mayfair jeweller's; though the day before he died the King gave him his D.S.O. The V.C. would have cost him threepence. The Mint is now supplying a small stock from a special gummetal, and the same firm as began to supply the Cross in 1856 continues to enter names of heroes in an ageing ledger. By a curiosity, although the V.C. is restricted to British subjects, two Danes and a Russian won it in 1914-1918—they were in the Canadians! The first name in the ledger is that of Midshipman Lucas who in 1854, hurled a live shell into the Baltic. He was killed and was given the Cross when it was inaugurated two years after his death. The youngest name is that of Boy Cornwall, aged sixteen, of Jutland. The Rifle Brigade has won the most Crosses regimentally viewed, the number being twenty-five. Then comes, rather surprisingly, the South Wales Borderers, with twenty-two Crosses. The ledger awaits its first heroine—for, oh yes, women have been eligible for the V.C. since 1920. With infinitely more women in the Services than ever dreamt of in the past, the feminine account may be opened during the present war. Though more likely, the George Cross would be given to a woman. This civilian decoration is equal in merit to the V.C. while standing below it in precedence. The V.C. stands alone in its glamour, as the highest distinction in the realm, above even the Garter. One risks losing it for treason, cowardice and felony, albeit the King may restore it.

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Passengers for the Clipper

(Continued from page 19)

her apologetically. "Is difficult. You understand? If it could be permitted, for one small hour, in Lisbon, to come to your hotel—"

"Why not?" Alison said.

She told him her name and where she planned to stay—the hotel had been suggested to her in Madrid—and with profuse thanks he left her, went back to his own seat.

The coach boomed on. The driver switched on his lights. Much later, a chill came into the air streaming through the open windows, and Alison caught the tang of the sea. It brought a feeling of excitement to her. She put on her grey jacket, and watching eagerly for the lights of Lisbon, saw them presently appear, twinkling, across the wide river.

While she was waiting to retrieve her suitcase, in the hollowly echoing coach station, Agostino approached her hesitantly.

"Please, at what time is convenient."

Alison glanced at her wrist watch, smiled at him. "Say half-past nine?"

"Is very good," he said gratefully, hesitated, asked if he could help her with her luggage, and being assured that she would take a taxi, bowed and went his way.

Alison followed her porter out into the plaza, where the warm dark—for the breath of the sea did not reach here—was glimmered over by sky signs. It was the hour of the *aperitiva*; lights shone out over thronged pavement tables; there was music in the air, perfume, and the continual sharp note of taxi horns. The Hotel Castello was quiet and rather dark. The big, gloomy hall, made gloomier by too many potted shrubs with glossy dark green leaves, had an air of crumbling opulence.

As she went to the desk to register, a man carrying a typewriter turned away from it. The Austrian publisher blinked at her with magnified, myopic eyes, but passed on with no sign of recognition for a fellow traveller.

Taking up the pen, Alison glanced at the last entry: Gustav Ossian, Stockholm, nationality Swedish. She had to smile. So much for her "Austrian"—though he might still, she reminded herself, as she turned to follow a bellhop up the curving, carpeted staircase, be a publisher.

The landings were galleried, so that you could look down from them, over ornate banisters, into the hall below. Alison did so, casually, from the first floor, and so saw the Italian-looking woman and her lean escort walking, foreshortened, across the hall to the desk.

Evidently the Hotel Castello must be well known—though personally, Alison thought, she couldn't have stuck it for more than one night. It was too hushed, too gloomy altogether. Almost the only light on the wide landing here was that which reached up from the hall, and the first floor corridor in which was her room was just as dim.

Thinking of Agostino, she asked the bellhop if there were a writing-room.

"Si, senhorita—on left, on landing-facing hall."

She looked into the writing-room as she returned from dinner, but there were a number of stout, dark, perspiring men in there, reading, smoking, playing cards, and the hush was such that she at once decided it was no place in which to hammer a typewriter. So when, presently, the bellhop tapped on her door and announced a gentleman to see her, she said:

"Bring him up."

She looked at him directly, with grey, clear eyes, and it was the bellhop whose glance fell.

"Si, senhorita."

Alison smiled to herself. She took from her handbag a trim, small .22 automatic, and crossing the lofty, sparsely furnished room, slipped the pistol under the typewriter lid, which stood on the bureau beside the open typewriter. She wasn't a nervous girl,

but after nearly two years reporting in wartime Europe, she took her precautions.

She lighted a cigarette, and a moment later the door was rapped on again. It opened hesitantly at her call, and Agostino hovered, uncertain, on the threshold. He kneaded his hat with dusky, slender hands, murmuring:

"Please—is quite convenient? I—"

"Come in," Alison said cheerfully—and he came in, sidling somewhat, leaving the door ostentatiously open.

Alison gave him a cigarette, sat down at her typewriter. "Now, then—pull up a chair and tell me what you want to say. Is it all right if we use the hotel paper?"

"Oh, yais," he said eagerly. And explained, with naïve swank: "Very good hotel, thees."

He pulled up a chair, but didn't sit in it for more than a few seconds. He seemed to find the proximity of the typewriter inimical to self-expression, and at the first click of the keys had to leap up to frown over Alison's shoulder—being meticulously careful not to touch her—at the words "Dearest Helma" on the paper.

Gently prompting, Alison reminded him of what he'd told her in the motor coach, and he nodded quickly—"Si, si!"—and added further details: not so much dictating to Alison as talking to her, explaining.

At last the false, vain, rather pathetic screed was finished. Alison read it over, handed it to him. Agostino scanned it with pride, painstakingly wrote his signature at the foot with Alison's fountain pen, then folded the letter and put it carefully in his pocket-book.

He began profusely to thank her, but Alison said: "Please—it's nothing. Good luck to you," and offered her hand.

After the door had closed behind him she stood frowning for a moment, biting her lip; then shrugged slightly, and with a faint, wry smile, turned back to the typewriter. And right then she remembered that she hadn't done an envelope for him, and if he couldn't write...

She crossed to the door quickly, opened it, glanced along the corridor. She was just in time to see him enter a room near the end, where the corridor joined the landing. Light from the room was cut off as the door closed, and the corridor was left in semi-darkness.

Alison stood quite still, conscious of an odd little quiver of excitement. There was something funny here, surely. Agostino hadn't told her he knew any one in this hotel; it seemed queer that he should have walked straight from her room to that other.

She hesitated for an instant, her heart beating a little faster, then turned back into her room and took the .22 from under the typewriter lid. Slipping the neat weapon into her jacket pocket, keeping her hand on it, she pulled the door to behind her and walked quietly along the corridor.

She was listening intently, her breath held. As she neared the door of the room Agostino had entered, she heard his voice; it sounded astonished, angry, protesting. She moved closer, trying to catch what he said. There was a sudden scuffle in the room, Agostino cried out sharply, there was a sound like a blow. Then silence.

The silence endured for some seconds; then someone spoke in the room, quietly. Alison drew back a pace, half-turning toward the landing, and the light from the hall below. At that second the door opened a crack, a man looked out. Instantly he yanked the door wide, shot out a hand that clamped hard on her right wrist. He whirled her round and into the room before she had time to struggle, and jerked her hand from her pocket. The .22 thudded on a rush mat on the tiled floor, and he smiled at her with his eyes light and bright and shallow, and a big, black automatic embedded in his hand, covering her.

Spare, bald, ascetic, stiff collared, somehow

he no longer had the look of a man who dealt in precise details, sacrosanct routines—the look which had made Alison think “consulate-general” and “chief clerk.” There was something predatory about him, now—a thinly smiling, unyielding cruelty; and when he spoke she knew that he wasn’t, after all, an American, though his voice suggested that he might have lived there for a good many years.

He thrust his own automatic into his armpit, under his coat, picked up the .22, and said, to someone behind Alison: “This is the typewriter lady herself!”

Alison turned. Agostino was sprawled on the tiled floor. Behind him a very big man in a white suit was standing with his back to the marble mantelpiece. The big man’s yellow silk sports shirt was open over a smooth, brown chest; his face, too, was smooth and brown; his pale eyes and the shape of his badger-grey, close-cropped head advertised his nationality. So did his accent.

He said, with a glance at Agostino: “No doubt she heard this fool shout.”

“It looked to me,” the bald man said, “as though she was outside that door before ever he shouted. And you notice she packs a sting?” He hefted the .22 in his hand suggestively, watching Alison. “I’ve got a hunch we’re not going to have to bother about the typewriters of Ossian and the Italian couple. I’ve got a hunch we’re not going to have to look any farther at all for the party who’s been a thorn in our side for so long! We’ll see!” He smiled his spare, brilliant smile at Alison. “Sit down.”

Alison sat down. She was desperately puzzled and quite a bit frightened, but she kept a tight grip on herself. There was nothing these men could possibly want with her; it was some mistake.

Agostino was on his feet. He pushed back his oiled hair, tucked in his tie, straightened his pale-biscuit, half-belted coat. There was a red patch on the side of his jaw. He was looking at her appealingly.

“I know nothing, mees. I am passing, and door open, and it is this gentleman from motor coach. He ask me to come in, then inquire why I go to your room. When I tell him, he demand see letter. I protest, and . . .”

Alison wasn’t listening. She was watching the big man in the white suit. He had picked up a sheet of paper from the mantelpiece. It was the letter she had written for Agostino. The big man studied it for a moment, then took another sheet of paper from his pocket. He laid both papers on the mantelpiece and took out a small reading glass.

THE bald man, leaning with his back against the door, said: “The lady is perhaps not so clever as she imagined. She did not think, perhaps, that her instructions to one of her agents could ever fall into *our* hands? Or perhaps she didn’t know that typewriting is every bit as distinctive as handwriting?”

He was taunting her—trying, she guessed, to make her betray herself. But she wasn’t frightened now. She was tense, excited, but not frightened. For she was beginning to understand. Three typewriters! Hers, Gustav Ossian’s, and that of the lean, ugly man who travelled with the opera singer!

These men—the “chief clerk,” as she had thought him, and the big man in the white suit—were for some reason after the person who had typed that letter which the big man was now comparing with the letter she, Alison, had typed for Agostino. They wanted that person. They didn’t know whether it was a man or a woman, but they had learned, somehow, that he or she would be on the Madrid-Lisbon motor coach to-day, and would be carrying, probably, a portable typewriter.

There had been three typewriters on the coach!

So that it had become necessary to their purpose somehow to obtain specimens of the type of those machines; and quite innocently, quite unwittingly, Agostino—as far as her, Alison’s, machine (Continued on page 64)

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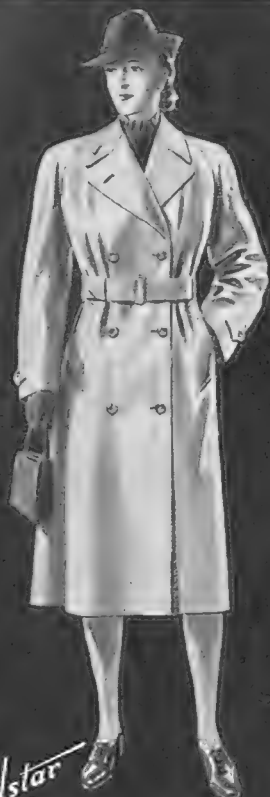
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was concerned—had done their work for them.

It was the explanation, the only explanation. It *must* be! In which case, she was in the clear. The big man would realise in a moment that hers wasn't the typewriter he was looking for, that the person he wanted must be either Ossian or the man who travelled with the opera singer. She, Alison, was safe enough. Unless . . .

Unless Ossian or the other man, whichever was the one concerned, had suspected that he was hunted, realised that his typewriter could betray him, and during the luncheon halt at the frontier had contrived to switch typewriters with Alison!

Sudden, startling warmth rose into her cheeks. To hide it she kept her head down, pretending to select a cigarette from her case. Her heart beat violently; three facts hummed in her head. First, that during the luncheon halt she had left her typewriter in the coach; second, that the opera singer's companion had entered the restaurant *after* her, Alison; third, that Gustav Ossian had returned to the coach *before* her. So that either might have had the chance to make a switch, if it had occurred to him.

Alison lighted her cigarette carefully. She dropped the spent match on the tiled floor, glanced surreptitiously at the big man in the white suit. The big man replaced his reading glass in his pocket, and with the papers one in each hand, turned deliberately.

At that second there was a sharp rat-tat on the closed door.

Alison's heart leapt. The big man crushed the letter in his right hand into his pocket; he kept his hand there, and the muzzle of a gun nudged against the white cloth.

The bald man slid one hand under his coat, towards the armpit, and with the other opened the door a crack. Instantly something flicked through the crack at him and his head snapped back as though his neck were dislocated. He was spun round, an arm snaked across his chest from behind, supporting him like a shield, and around the shield an automatic in the hand of the leather-dark young man in the grey suit, and the khaki shirt with the black tie, covered the big man by the mantelpiece.

Very quickly the big man jerked his hands above shoulder height—and kept them there.

"Good!" said the young man Alison had tagged, in her mind, "engineer." And he added, to Alison, though he didn't take his eyes off the big man: "Think ten minutes'll be enough to collect your baggage and check out? There are plenty of good hotels in Lisbon." He said sharply, as Agostino moved: "Not you!"

"He's all right," Alison said breathlessly.

It was towards the big man that Agostino had moved. He dipped slender, dusky fingers in the big man's pocket, took out the letter beginning "Dearest Helma."

The engineer said to Alison: "I'll take your word for it he's all right. But hurry. These gentlemen are liable to find my company tedious after ten minutes or so. Don't argue, please. Just—fade!"

He was so obviously master of the situation that it was pointless to hesitate. Alison walked out, and Agostino, following her, pulled the door shut and said quickly:

"My letter—I have it back. What happen—you understand, please—I had no part—"

"It was nothing to do with you," Alison said. "Don't worry. Just—fade, like he said."

Well inside ten minutes she had checked out, left the hotel; but she didn't let her taxi travel more than fifty yards along the broad avenue of massive, ornately carved buildings. She stopped it then, and waited, looking back through the rear window at the wide portico of the hotel.

It was a brief wait. Within a few minutes she saw him come out—lean and tall, wearing a slouch hat turned down all the way round, and carrying a big, battered-looking suitcase stuck with labels. She was ready to tell her taxi driver to turn and follow him, but he came her way. And as he drew abreast she called softly:

"Mr. Gresley!"

Passengers for the Clipper

He glanced into the taxi—at once opened the door and ducked in beside her.

"How did you know my name?"

"I looked at the register as I checked out," Alison said, "and I thought Patrick Gresley must be you." She signalled the taximan to drive on, then turned to Gresley again. "You must wonder what it's all about."

"All I know," he said, "I was coming up from the dining-room. My room's on the first floor, and I was just going to turn into the corridor when I saw you come out of your room looking so extraordinarily furtive I—well, I ducked back and watched you. I heard that shout, I saw that hairless rat pull you into the room there, and—frankly, I listened at the door for a bit, but as I couldn't make out what was going on, I decided I'd better take a hand."

"I don't know what would have happened if you hadn't," Alison said, a little shakily.

SHE told him about the typewriters, and the explanation she had evolved—the only possible explanation. She didn't mention her momentary, alarming idea that there might have been a switch in typewriters; she knew now that there was nothing in it. When she had returned to her room, she'd looked quickly for an old, familiar scratch on her machine, and had found it immediately.

She went on: "It's obvious that the man they're after is either the Swede, Gustav Ossian, or the other man. His name's Calatroni, and that's his wife with him; I looked them up in the register, too. Whichever's the man, Ossian or Calatroni, I'm for him—against those two thugs. And I want to know just how you—how you left them."

"I left 'em locked in," Gresley said. "There's no telephone in the room, and no bell—because I cut the wire before I left them. I figured they wouldn't want to attract attention by banging on the door, and would probably try to pick the lock. It's the damndest old lock and will take them quite a while!"

Alison drew a long breath of relief. "That's what I wanted to hear," she said, and glanced out of the taxi window.

They were just entering the main square with its small, green trams and winking sky-signs. She tapped on the glass partition for the taxi to stop, and it slid to a standstill outside the railway station.

"What's this?" Gresley said.

"I'm going to telephone the Hotel Castello," Alison explained, "and ask first for Ossian, then for Calatroni, and I'm going to tell them both—without saying who I am—that there's danger. They'd better get out, quick!"

She made to open the door, but Gresley stopped her. He opened it himself, ducked out, hefted out his suitcase. He thrust his head back in to say:

"When I take over, I take over. You are going to keep out of this from now on. You're going to find yourself an hotel and lie low. I will warn Ossian and Calatroni."

"But—"

"You're leaving on the Clipper to-morrow?"

"Yes," Alison said. "But listen—"

"I'll be seeing you," said Patrick Gresley.

He grinned, lifted his hat, picked up his suitcase from the pavement.

Alison bit her lip. She told the taxi driver to take her to the nearest hotel. She didn't sleep very much that night.

In the morning she reached the seaplane base far too early. On the wide stretch of sparkling water, between the green-patched red hills dotted with ancient towers and new, white houses, the Clipper was warming up.

SHE went through the formalities of having her passports and visas examined and her luggage weighed, and waited about, and smoked one cigarette after another; and then, suddenly, her heart quickened.

Coming towards her, with a typewriter in his hand and a wad of what looked like galley proofs under his arm, was Gustav Ossian. Alison watched him go through the formalities, and with his scholarly stoop and air of obliviousness, wander on down to the waiting motor boat.

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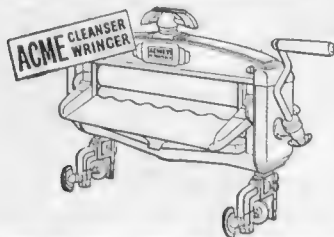
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No one likes borrowing..

but in Acacia Crescent they're getting quite good at it. For example, they're mostly young newly-weds and there are only two



Acmes between them—and don't those Acmes get around! The makers are sorry they can't make any more while the war's on: but one day Acacia Crescent will be supplied as it deserves and borrowing (and lending) can once again be suitably discouraged!



Other passengers passed through, took their places in the boat. And then—again her heart began to thud—she saw the Calatronics. The lean man with the furrowed, dark, mobile face—he was carrying his typewriter—didn't look at her, but the woman who looked like an opera singer slightly inclined her head in Alison's direction.

It might have meant anything—or nothing. She didn't know. Probably, she thought; she never would know whether it was Gustav Ossian or Bruno Calatronic who...

A voice behind her said: "Miss Bell?" She turned quickly. It was one of the white-uniformed Clipper officials. He saluted her, handed her a cardboard box tied with silver ribbon—obviously a florist's box. She opened the box quickly, expecting she didn't know what. A spray of gardenias lay in the box. Attached to the flowers was a card on which was written, very laboriously:

AGOSTINO

Alison smiled faintly, replaced the lid on the box, looked up. Patrick Gresley was in the act of placing his big, battered suitcase on the scales. He waved to her, and Alison drew a long, long breath; suddenly her heart felt very light.

She joined him, and he said cheerfully: "Sorry I'm late. Everything all right?" "They've both arrived," Alison said, "so it *must* be all right!"

The official at the scales looked up to say: "Your case is seven pounds overweight, sir." "Overweight?" Gresley said. "Well..." He clicked back the snaps of the suitcase. "I always," he said to Alison, "carry this in my suitcase, when travelling, because I like to keep at least one hand free." He added, to the official: "Maybe this could be of some use to you. I've found out it's no good in my job!"

He took from the suitcase and handed to the official a portable typewriter.

Then he looked at Alison.

Her eyes were very wide open. Her lips formed an "O" of astonishment, most charming to see—so charming that he bent his head and touched them lightly with his own, and she was too taken aback to do anything whatever about it.

He took her arm and they went together in the sunshine down to the jetty and the boat and the great, shining Clipper waiting in sheathed power out in the sparkling bay.

END

They Did What They Could

(Continued from page 28)

no meaning, it was so cold. Yet we dared not leave only an air sentry on the gun. It was just the day, for a surprise attack out of the cloud. I wasn't leaving anything to chance.

Dinner again we had singly. I had just got mine from the galley when I heard my name called. I went out into the wind again, cursing. It was Jimmy. He looked tensed up. "I thought I saw something slip through that cloud." He pointed just above the mast. "Might have been a bird. Sorry. Guess I'm just seeing things."

I waited for a bit, but we saw nothing. In the end I went back and had my dinner. "Well, have you seen any more shadows in the clouds, Jimmy?" I asked him when I returned to the gun.

"I thought I saw it again just a few seconds ago," he said. "It was astern this time. It looked like a big gull or—or a plane. But none of the others saw it. My eyes must be getting tired. This light is—"

"Plane!" It was Craig's voice, and he was pointing forward.

The siren blew "Action stations" as I saw it diving down on our starboard bow. It was a Heinkel. I could see the cut-outs in the wings. It looked black and beastly against the snow-threatening sky. It crossed our bows and banked sharply to run up the length of the ship. The *Cresta* lurched as the wheel was flung over to bring our gun to bear. For what seemed an age the plane was hidden behind the (Continued on page 66)



PYORRHOEA!

4 OUT OF 5 MAY BE VICTIMS

SORE GUMS
TENDER GUMS
INFLAMED GUMS
BLEEDING GUMS

Tender, bleeding gums are danger signs, which neglected, lead to gum disease (Pyorrhoea). Daily use of Forhans will eradicate these gum affections—used in time, prevent them altogether.

Thousands of dentists use Forhans Anti-pyorrhoea Astringent. Thousands of them recommend Forhans Brand Special Formula Dentifrice which contains Forhans Anti-pyorrhoea Astringent. Don't let pyorrhoea claim you as a victim. Guard against it *now*—before it is too late! See your dentist, and start using Forhans to-day! In three sizes.

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Stomach Sufferer Says:—

I CAN NOW EAT ANYTHING

I will Recommend MACLEAN BRAND Stomach Powder

Newcastle-on-Tyne.

Dear Sirs,

I would like to express my sincere appreciation and gratitude for the wonderful way your MACLEAN BRAND Stomach Powder has helped me.

I am only 27 years old but have suffered torments for 6 years with Gastric trouble.

Six weeks ago my wife was advised to get some MACLEAN BRAND Stomach Powder for me.

I continued to take your Powder every day and I can honestly say I can now eat anything. I can assure you I will recommend MACLEAN BRAND Stomach Powder to all stomach sufferers I come in contact with without any hesitation.

Yours very gratefully,

H. C. G.

Surely this letter must give new confidence and new hope to every victim of indigestion.

Remember, despite rationing, we still receive a good sufficiency of nourishing food—all the more reason for not passing it by because of indigestion. Even occasional or slight sufferers from stomach trouble should remember the real health benefits to be gained from being able to eat with relish and appetite.

Whenever you feel a touch of indigestion, therefore, it is a wise precaution to take a dose of MACLEAN BRAND Stomach Powder. The wide popularity of MACLEAN BRAND Stomach Powder is convincing evidence of the efficacy of this speedy and successful remedy for Pain, Flatulence, Heartburn, Nausea and proved safeguard against Gastritis and Stomach Ulcer.

MACLEAN BRAND Stomach Powder is obtainable from all chemists. Price 2/3. Also in Tablet Form in 7d. boxes, or bottles at 1/5 and 2/3 (including Purchase Tax). Only genuine if the signature, ALEX C. MACLEAN, appears on the package.

ship's superstructure. Then suddenly I had a head-on view of it as it ran up on our port quarter no more than two hundred feet above sea level.

My stomach froze and for a moment the whole thing seemed unreal. I heard myself order: "Up one and a half, lateral zero."

There was a second's pause and then came the layers': "On—on."

"Fire!" I yelled. And the gun began to buck rhythmically back and forth. Every second it spat two shells out of its bell-mouthed barrel. *Um-pom, um-pom, um-pom.* For a moment I could see nothing but spurts of flame. Then I saw the tracer whipping across the target. The plane seemed to rock slightly, and as it did so, four dark objects fell out of the belly of it.

There was a sudden flash of flame by its port wing. A hit! I just saw that, and then something fell into the sea just beyond the ship's rails and the water ahead of me rose up with a great roar. Another and another and another fell, all astern of us. After that the water from the first bomb descended upon us. The weight of it was incredible. It flattened me to the deck. I thought I'd never find my way up out of it.

At last, with a great swishing sound, it passed over the side, and I was left clinging to the rails with my head over the side of the ship, staring down at the foaming wake and the steadily threshing propeller. I staggered to my feet, half drowned, to find Craig and Roberts climbing dazedly back into the layers' seat. There was no sign of Jimmy. I looked round dully and got the thrill of my life. Directly astern of us, the big beehive fin and rudder of a Heinkel stood up out of the water. The swastika in its white circle was plainly visible.

I turned back to the gun. Everything seemed strangely quiet. I had to yell in order to make Roberts hear, and the sound of my voice was strangely loud in my deafened ears. "Where's Jimmy?" I asked.

There was a frightened look in his eyes, and he said nothing. There was blood on his cheek and a dark stain on the shoulder of his overcoat. The deck between the gun and the railings was punctured by two parallel lines of neatly cut holes. I felt suddenly sick inside. I put my left hand out to set the firing lever at "held," and I felt something grate against my shoulder-bone. There was no pain. It just felt numb.

WE found Jimmy's tin hat, still sticky with blood, propped against a coil of rope at about the spot where his body must have been washed overboard.

We changed the barrel and carried out a brief examination of equipment. All the time I was on the alert for the next attack. It was bound to come. The Heinkel would certainly have radioed our position before it attacked.

The old man sent me a congratulatory note. The man who brought it said that the convoy was being attacked by both aircraft and U-boats. Three ships had already sent out an SOS.

"Plane!"

We sprang to our posts. I took Jimmy's place on the firing platform as number four. There was a whole squadron coming up astern of us. They were twin-engined. They turned out to be Beaufighters going in to protect the convoy.

The cloud was breaking up now and by the beginning of the first dog-watch the sky was clear—a cold, dull blue with the sun a red ball astern of us. "Soon be d-dark," Roberts said. His teeth were chattering uncontrollably with the cold. Or was he frightened? I couldn't tell. His eyes had a glazed look, but the cold was intense. "Think we m-might get through, Mason?"

As if in answer "Action stations" was blown. It was strange the way the siren went the moment he'd put that question. Saunders and Craig, who were acting as air sentries, reported that they could see nothing. The look-out was on the starboard end of the bridge and pointing high up to the south-east. I took the glasses from Craig and searched the sky. For a moment I could see nothing. Then the glow of the setting sun was reflected on metal. I steadied my elbows on the auto-

They Did What They Could

loader. There were three of them, and they were Junkers 88's.

They began to bank, ready for the dive. They were abeam of us now on the port side. The leader's near wing-tip dipped and he began to come down at us. I made certain both my layers could see him and gave the deflection: "Vertical zero, right wing-tip."

"On," shouted Craig, and a second later Roberts reported: "On."

I had already set the firing lever to "auto." But though the plane was nearly within range at between ten and twelve thousand feet, I held my fire. I had caught sight of another plane diving obliquely and very much faster on to the Junkers.

It was a Lockheed Hudson of Coastal Command. The Jerry couldn't have seen him coming, for he took no avoiding action. The Hudson closed and then veered away in a steep bank, and as he did so, the Junkers seemed to disintegrate. Seconds later came a sound like ripping calico—the Hudson's guns blazing—and then an explosion.

The Hudson pulled out of its dive and climbed sharply to engage the two remaining planes. But they split up and headed south-east.

"Torpedo on the port bow, sir." The warning shout came faintly from the bridge, carried by the wind. And then the old man's voice, shrill and urgent: "Hard a-starboard." The ship began to swing, leaning drunkenly.

I could see the track of the torpedo now, but the tilt of the ship was such that number three couldn't depress sufficiently to get it in his sights. The thing was abeam of us and the *Cresta* seemed answering slower than ever to her helm. I thought it must get us. And the beat of the engines took up my thoughts, seeming to say: "It's going to get us. It's going to get us."

But it didn't. It passed just astern.

After that we began to zigzag and the periods during which we were holding to a straight course seemed like hours. The tension was horrible.

Then suddenly Philips seized my arm and pointed to starboard. A little black tower had appeared in the sea about a mile away. It was a submarine surfacing.

I raised the glasses to my eyes. The conning tower had opened and men were pouring out of it to man the gun which was appearing out of the hull for'ard.

"Must've run out of torpedoes," Philips said, and his voice sounded hoarse.

A seaman came running up. "The old man's closing to ram, Mason," he said. "You're to be ready to open fire soon as we're in range."

"Okay," I said, but I felt cold inside.

The *Cresta* was swinging south now and the U-boat became obscured by the superstructure. We waited, tense, for what we knew must come. It was hell with nothing to do. We hadn't long to wait. There was a distant bang and a shell screamed between the masts and exploded in the sea about half a mile astern. The next took a bite out of one of the funnels, but didn't explode until it hit the water. One or two short, and then came a roar and the whole ship staggered. Another and another followed. Something hit the deck housing right in front of us and I was thrown off my feet. I wasn't hurt, but when I looked at the ship, I didn't know it. The after deck housing was gone completely, both funnels were down and part of the bridge was blown away. Philips was lying writhing on the deck. Both his legs had been crushed by an iron girder. But the others seemed all right and I could see the submarine now on our starboard bow. Every now and then there was a flash of orange from its gun, and at each flash the *Cresta* staggered like a stricken giant. They couldn't miss at that range. But the old engines were still driving us towards the U-boat and the range was now not more than eight hundred yards. In that instant I understood why the old man was steering a few points off the submarine.

"Take post!" I yelled. "Vertical, lateral zero. Lay on the gun."

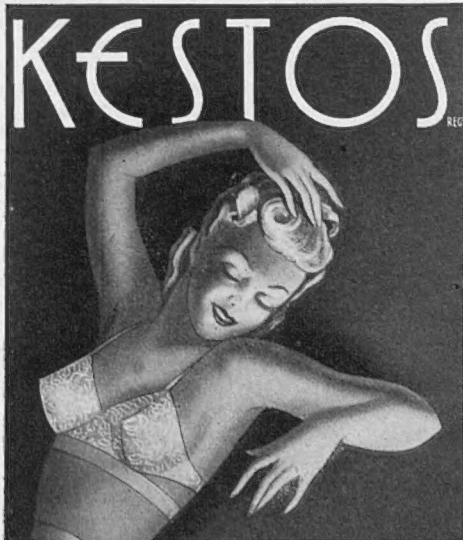
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Always use Cuticura Soap for baby's bath. See how it comforts and refreshes, leaves his skin glowing with health, soft and velvety. Cuticura Soap is the surest way of purifying and cleansing the skin.

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Britain's Finest Range of Brassières

"On—on."

I stood on the firing pedal and the feel of the gun bucking under me gave me courage. Our tracer streamed into the hull of the submarine, breaking into little bursts all round the gun platform. I must have fired about forty rounds before I became conscious of the fact that their gun was no longer firing at us. I took my foot off the firing pedal. "Lay on the top of the conning tower," I ordered, and we fired another long burst. The range was now down to about two hundred yards. Our shells burst thick and fast on the conning tower.

But I had to stop, for the remains of the bridge were beginning to block our line of sight as the old ship swung to ram. We all ran to the rails.

There was a threshing at the wake of the U-boat as the propeller began to churn. But they were too late. I could see that. The blunt bows of the *Cresta*, heavy with water, bit into the submarine with a crash that staggered the whole ship. For a moment I thought her extra weight was going to drag us under. But the *Cresta* seemed to shake herself free and wallow on.

Reaction followed. The ship was heavy and settling fast. She was so badly down by the bows that waves were breaking right along her deck. The order to abandon ship came almost immediately.

Night is falling now. I am too cold to write more. I must sleep.

Extract from the log of H.M. Salvage Ship "Fairlough": At 14.55 hours we sighted a small boat carrying a single sail. It was very low in the water. There appeared to be no one steering it. We put off a boat and brought it alongside. It had belonged to the *Cresta*. There were six men in it. They were all dead. In most cases death was due to exposure. The enclosed document was taken from the pocket of a seaman gunner named David Mason. This occurred at lat. 74° 32' N., long. 10° 45' E.

At 15.10 hours we sighted the hulk of the steamer *Cresta* in the position indicated and took her in tow. She was badly down by the bows, but the forward bulkheads continued to hold and we were able to bring her safely into port.

END

Catapult Planes at Work

(Continued from page 20)

him high excitements. He had done most things with the Fleet Air Arm, seen a dozen different shows, travelled the seven seas. Now he had volunteered for this work, where catapults were necessary because the ships were small—at least by comparison with cruiser or aircraft carrier.

Someone whistled shrilly. He said: "That's me," and climbed back into his plane. A moment later plane and pilot were pulled gently from the ground and swung towards the catapult. The plane looked oddly helpless swinging in mid-air, its airscrew turning uselessly. Then it hovered for a moment over the catapult and was lowered into position on the tubular framework of legs.

THERE were four of these legs projecting upwards from the trellis of the catapult and reinforced by cross struts. They had sockets at their tops which corresponded to certain fragments of the plane. Now they locked the plane in position, the commanding officer glanced round at the positioning of his crew and back again at the pilot. Everything okay? Right—he signals to the armourer who feeds the cordite shell into the breech of the catapult. There is a pause for a final check over.

The pilot leans out of his machine to exchange a wisecrack with another naval officer watching from the background. "This is the kick in the pants I've been longing to give you," says the young lieutenant. "I knew you had it coming to you." The pilot smiles back at him.

Watching the pilot sitting there in his cockpit, waiting the final signal, I had an idea he was thinking about the millionth chance accident, those (Continued to page 68)

AN ECONOMY TIP

for polishing shoes

*

When cleaning shoes remember—a little cream goes a long way. That's important now that all dressings are becoming less plentiful. And here's another first-class tip. You should use Meltonian WHITE Cream for your coloured shoes if you find difficulty in getting dressings of the correct shade. Apply just a smear with a clean rag and rub well in. Up comes the shine—lovely and lasting.

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MELTONIAN WHITE CREAM
for polished leather of any colour

"Now She MUST Carry On"



War will not wait on woman's weakness, nor need any woman "go sick" on account of periodic pains and headaches. Just take one or two A-K Tablets and you will be able to carry on as usual.

If you suffer from regular pain you must try A-K Tablets. They cost so little and bring such comfort that you owe it to yourself. They relieve pain in a few minutes and their effect is lasting. Join the thousands of women who have found A-K a safe, sure method of relieving periodic pain. Don't suffer another month. Get A-K Tablets to-day, and enjoy this freedom from pain.

NOTE.—A-K is how thousands of women ask for Anti-Kamnia brand Analgesic Tablets and if you say A-K your chemist will know. 1/5 a box (Including Tax).

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EASILY MADE—EASILY
DIGESTED. NO SUGAR
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Equally delicious served HOT or COLD
PRODUCT OF STANDARD BRANDS LTD.



"There must be many women who go on suffering at 'these times' just as I did." If only those who suffer from wretched headaches, severe pain and mental depression, instead of looking upon these things as a natural sequence of their indisposition, would try Cephos, they'd never be without it. Cephos contains no harmful drugs. It is the prescription of an eminent Harley Street Physician, a safe and certain remedy. It does not affect the heart. Sold everywhere in tablet or powder form 1/3 & 3/-.

Single Dose 2d.

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THE PHYSICIANS' REMEDY
Pronounced

people Fate seemed to mark out, at times, for sheer bad luck. He was far too intelligent not to have thought it, not to have—wondered.

Somewhere down below him in the centre of the trellis work he knew there were three steel rams. The first would take the initial force of the charge, immediately convey it to the second, merge it into the third and then thrust it at the framework holding the plane.

Everything was set for that to happen now. The commanding officer made a signal with his red and blue flags to the non-commissioned officer carrying a similar set of flags. The armourer grasped the wire lanyard which would fire off the charge.

NOW the C.O. had raised a flag above his head. In a few seconds... the flag had fallen. Automatically, drilled to hair-fine precision, the pilot pulled his release. Simultaneously the armourer fired the charge. No roaring explosion. Just a soft thudding sound and the whoosh of violated air. The whole framework of legs has shot forward complete with plane. From a standstill to fifty-five miles an hour. Now the steel legs supporting the plane are collapsing, automatically. A slight dip, a quiver, and the plane is skimming away. A moment later she begins to climb steadily.

The first flight of another Fleet Air Arm pilot has gone off successfully.

Normally a pilot will master the art of catapult launchings with only a couple of tries, but regulations provide for five preliminary flights.

The catapult crew take their work very much as a routine job. They see nothing remarkable about the fact that this simple apparatus, with its small "shell" can hurl a Swordfish weighing something in the neighbourhood of six thousand pounds from a complete standstill to fifty-five miles an hour in one swift move.

But all this is only a beginning for the catapult pilot. The really important part of his job does not start until he is posted to a ship designed to protect our merchantmen from marauding raiders. The deck space of these ships is limited and without the catapults they could never use planes. Until they see the thing in action the crew are inclined to regard this "bit of meccano" as a waste of space.

Britain's Women Soldiers (Continued from page 16)

and she determined to enlist again. This she did in the Scots Dragoons (later the famous corps, Royal Scots Greys), and remained with her regiment throughout the siege of Namur, and for four years until peace was declared. Then she went back to Dublin, but when the War of the Spanish Succession started she joined up again.

She was wounded during an assault by a musket ball in the hip, which nearly led to her undoing, but she succeeded in hiding her sex. Anyway she returned to her old regiment once more and fought at Blenheim. There she found her husband, but Christina had made up her mind to remain a fighting "man." She was wounded once more at Ramillies, this time in the head, and her sex was discovered. The army gave her her discharge, but she was given permission to follow it as a sutler. Thomas fell at the siege of Mons, and his widow married a Grenadier named Jones. But he, too, died of wounds, and when peace came Christina returned to Dublin. There she married again, a Sergeant Davies. When old they were received into Chelsea Hospital, home of refuge for pensioners, and she died at the age of seventy-two in 1739, being buried with military ceremonial.

One of the most remarkable of British women soldiers was Phoebe Hessel, whose tombstone can be seen in the Old Church at Brighton. It bears this inscription: "In memory of Phoebe Hessel. Who was born

Catapult Planes at Work

Anyhow, the men of one ship thought that way, until a certain grey Friday afternoon, when a cunning sea was doing its best to catch the ship unawares and tear the catapult overboard—or so the story ran amongst the seamen. Towards five o'clock they were making heavy weather. Somewhere astern men were singing as they worked. The young Fleet Air Arm lieutenant sat in his tiny quarters trying to read a worn copy of a well-known monthly. He was bored. Yes, desperately bored. Six days now they had ploughed the lonely wastes of ocean without so much as a torpedo from a backward U-boat. The young lieutenant thought of London, gaiety and throngs of people. The next best thing he could think of was a fat, juicy German bomber.

And almost simultaneously the warning went. It took him only a matter of minutes to get away. As the ship dwindled to a toy down below he felt all the old exhilaration coming back. Action! That was what he had wanted. Now for the Hun.

But already the bomber had turned away, obviously anxious to avoid anything so dangerous as a ship carrying planes of its own. For a while the young lieutenant gave chase. A chance like this was not to be missed. It was no good. Discipline finally told him he must turn about.

Then he felt a sudden dryness in the mouth. He searched the sea again. No, his own ship had just gone. There were long, grey rollers sweeping away to the horizon, empty, desolate. He had lost it. For nearly thirty minutes he searched and then took fresh stock of his position. Iceland was the nearest land, a very tidy step away. He calculated from his petrol—there was just a chance. Instantly he set a course for Iceland.

He just managed to hop over the coast of Iceland and crash land. He took the first flying boat back to England, was posted to another ship and went up again to tackle another enemy bomber, shooting it down.

For security reasons there are many things which cannot be told about our latest catapult ships. For the rest, it is good to know that this comparatively new weapon has proved—"very effective."

END

at Stepney in the year 1713. She served for many years as a Private Soldier in the 5th Regiment of Foot in different parts of Europe; and, in the year 1745, fought under the command of the Duke of Cumberland at the Battle of Fontenoy, where she received a bayonet wound in her arm. Her long life, which commenced in the reign of Queen Anne, extended to George IV, by whose munificence she received comfort and support in her later years. She died at Brighton, where she had long resided, December 12, 1821. Aged 108 years."

Service with troops at home and abroad was the experience of Mary Ralphson, who was born in Scotland, but spent many years of her life in Kent Street, Liverpool. Her husband was in the Duke of Cumberland's army as a private, and she stood by his side in several engagements. She went to Flanders with the army two centuries ago.

At the Battle of Dettingen (1743) she equipped herself in the uniform and accoutrements of a dragoon who fell by her side. Then she mounted his charger and regained the retreating army. She found her husband and they returned to England together, and during later campaigns she continued to accompany him. An old print still survives of the doughty lady. It shows her at the great age of 109, and it shows she had five fingers and a thumb on each hand. She died on June 17, 1808, at the age of 110.

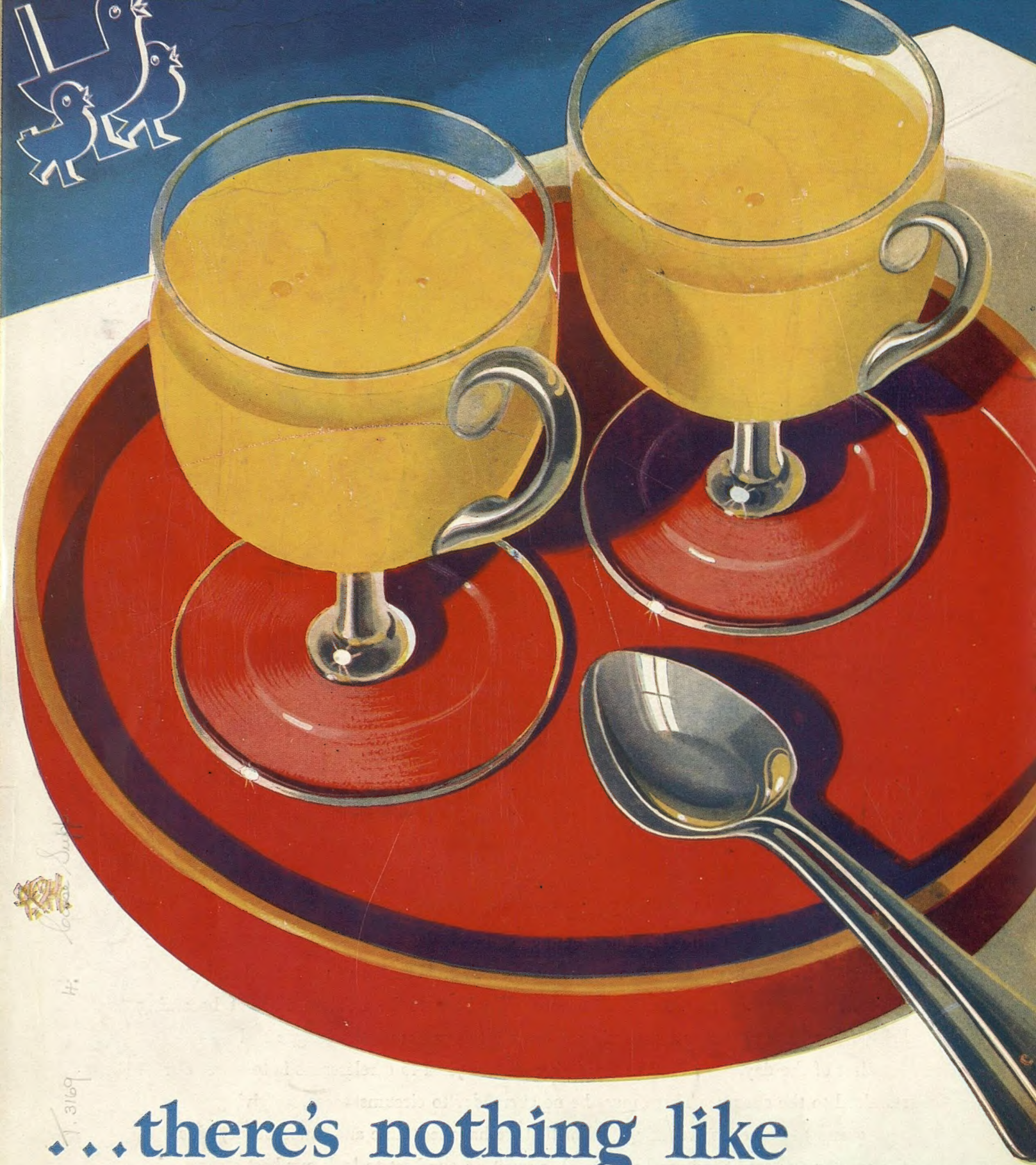
END



Put your best face forward . . .

In easier times we shared men's privileges and we are proud to stand beside them now. Men who risk and renounce so much deserve that we should share their burdens too. But war demands more of us than that. We have to work hard and yet retain the grace that comes of leisure. We have to be efficient without becoming brittle. We have to watch that we do not carry into our homes the fatigue and fret of the day. We have to remember that to yield to carelessness is to lower our standard to the enemy. There must be no surrender to circumstances, no giving ground to careless grooming. Now that we have less time and fewer beauty aids, the greater our credit for good results. We must do our best to look our best always. Never should we forget that good looks and good morale go hand in hand.

A WORD TO THE WOMEN OF BRITAIN BY *Yardley*



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